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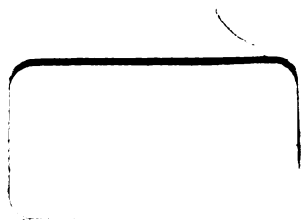
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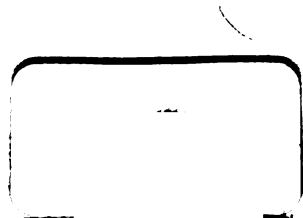
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Historic Men and Scenes

PORTRAYED BY
THE MASTERS

*A MAGNIFICENT SELECTION OF
MOST INTERESTING PICTURES*

COLLECTED FROM ALL LANDS

With Admirable Descriptions, and Sketches of the Artists

BY FRANKLIN EDSON BELDEN
AUTHOR OF "MASTERS OF BRUSH AND CHISEL," "CROWN JEWELS OF ART," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS DIRECT FROM

Special Photographs Collected During Five Years of Careful Research

ENGRAVED BY THE PERFECTED HALF-TONE PROCESS

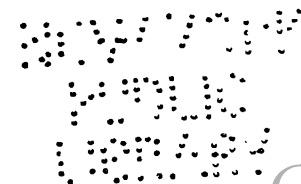
NEW YORK

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THE WERNER COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

1899



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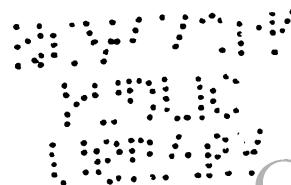
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June 1922

HISTORIC MEN AND SCENES.

PORTRAYED BY THE MASTERS.

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| ✓ 4. Bull-Fight in the Arena. | ✓ 44. Parting of Hector and Andromache. | 78. Dying Gaul. |
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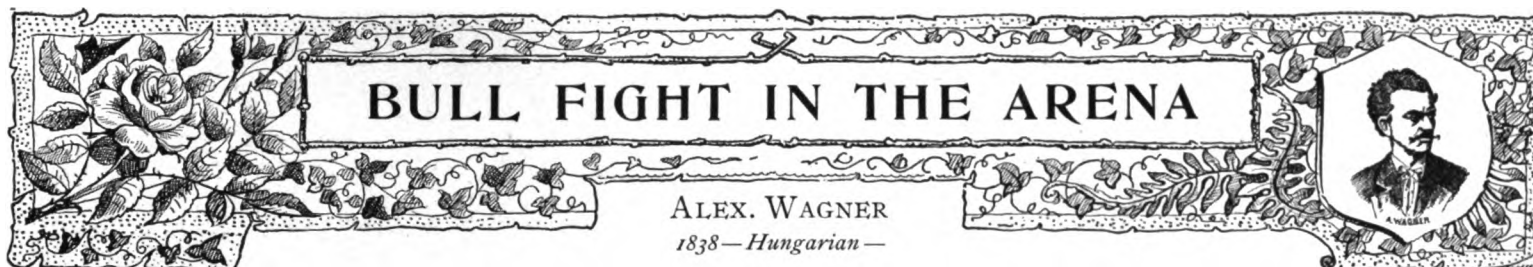


THE Babylonians were energetic, active, and full of adventure. Everywhere, by sea as well as by land, they endeavored to make themselves acquainted with the world, and became the most distinguished merchants of the age. Everything that could be bought and sold was to be had in the emporiums of their great metropolis. Trade and commercial activity was the life of the Capital.

Under these conditions the Babylonians became avaricious to an overwhelming degree. Whatever would bring money was for sale. Even domestic virtues were flung recklessly away for financial gratification. Every woman must once in her life appear in public before the temple of Beltis, as by this means crowds of strangers were drawn to the city. And on regular occasions maidens were brought in large numbers and sold at auction in order that the wealthy princes and libertines of surrounding nations might be drawn to their unscrupulous market. Fathers and brothers with their daughters and sisters stood ready to barter for money the pleasures due only to love. Everything that ministered to the craze for adornment, appetite, and sensualism was supplied and indulged to the highest degree possible. The palace halls were nothing less than harems of polygamy.

The picture presented is full of traditional and legendary story as well as historical fact, and illustrates the manner in which Babylonian maidens were disposed of in marriage. The grouping of the figures yields an effect which could not be improved upon, and which was never surpassed by the artist himself. It may be called Edwin Long's most noted production, next to his "Diana or Christ," shown elsewhere in this collection. At the Hermon sale, in 1875, the "Marriage Market" brought \$33,000. The artist studied under Phillip, in London, and later visited Spain, Egypt and Syria, becoming a member of the Royal Academy in 1876. His "Assyrian Captive," "Egyptian Feast," "Ancient Custom," etc., are all works of merit, though not equal to the two shown in this collection.



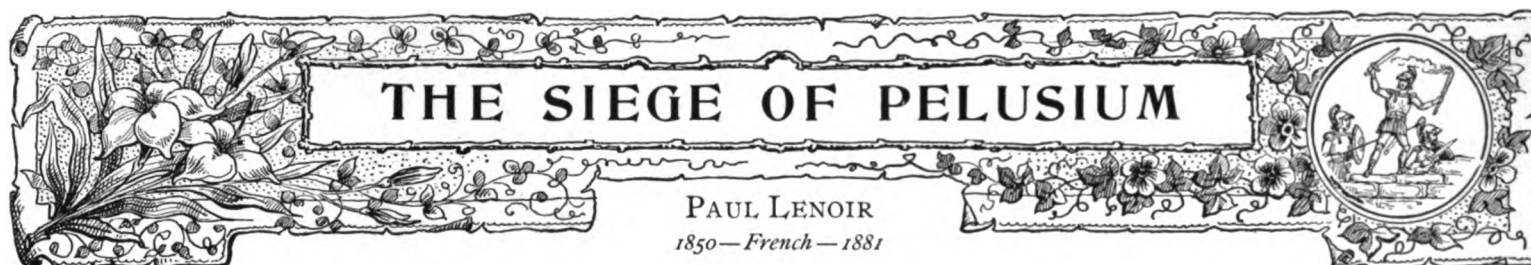


T was in ancient Greece that men and bulls first contended in the arena for the amusement of the public. In later days, when the sceptre of the Cæsars ruled the world, the Roman populace feasted their sight upon the same sport. In the nineteenth century bull-fighting is still the favorite pastime of Spain and Mexico. Formerly the Spanish monarchs instituted this cruel sport as a source of revenue. At present it is held for private speculation or for the benefit of public institutions. In Madrid the bull-fighting season begins in April and lasts till November. The sport takes place in a kind of circus, called the *Plaza del Toros*.

The bull-fight has been described as a tragedy in three acts. There are three orders of human contestants: first, the *picadores*, who are mounted and armed with lances, who take up their position in the centre of the circus, opposite the bull-stalls; second, the *chulos*, who are on foot, and wearing bright-colored cloaks; and third, the *matador*, or chief combatant, who is also on foot, armed with a sword and a small *muleta* (stick) with a scarlet ribbon attached. The *picadores* are the first to engage the bull, and as their horses are wounded and killed they retire from the scene, and the *chulos* rush in, attracting the bull by their cloaks, and saving themselves if need be by leaping over the palisade. Short darts, ornamented with paper and flags, are stuck by the *chulos* in the bull's neck. The *matador* now advances alone to complete the fight. With the *muleta* he infuriates the animal, which generally rushes wildly at it, and then the *matador* plunges his sword "between the left shoulder and the blade," and the bull has made his last charge.

Alexander Wagner, born at Pesth, Hungary, was educated at Munich under Piloty, and at the age of twenty-eight became a professor. He is noted for his force and accuracy in the representation of the arena in the Roman Classic period. He considers his masterpiece to be the "Chariot Race," shown elsewhere in this collection.



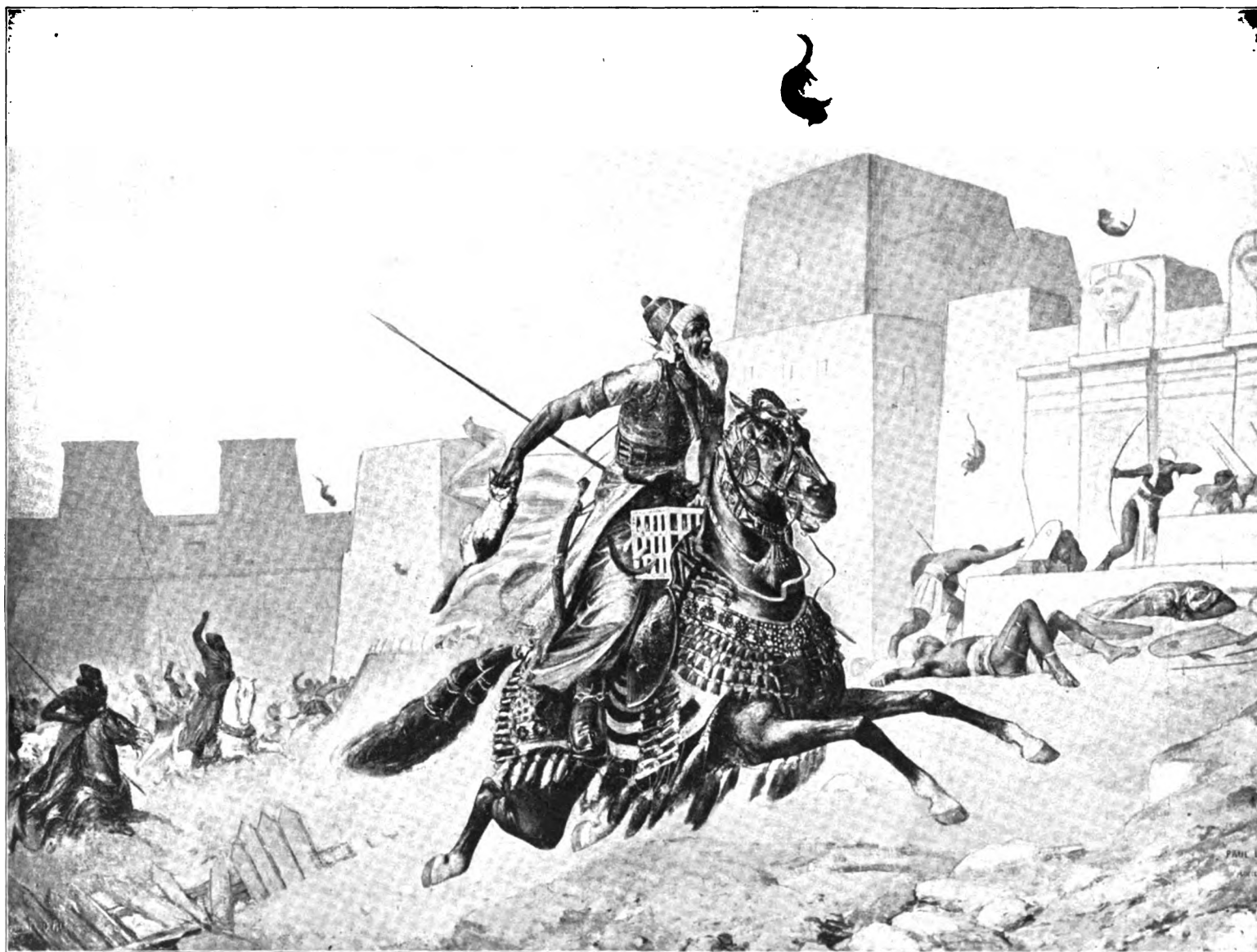


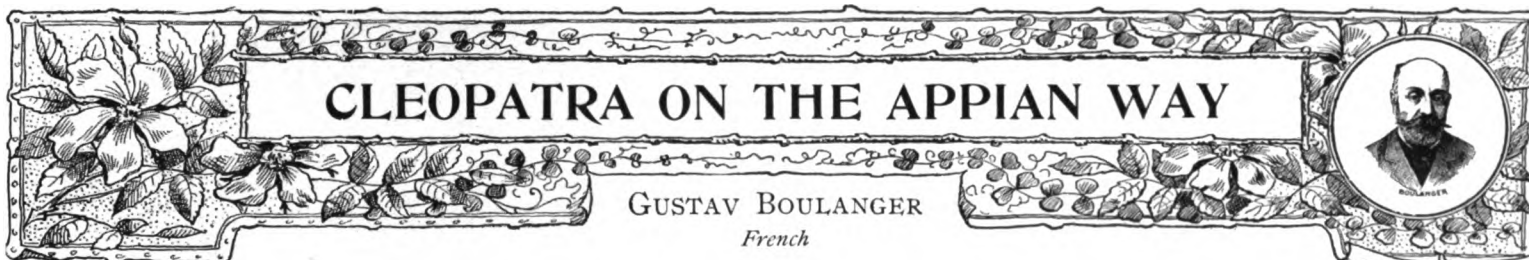
EGYPT, Pelusium, Cambyses, cats, and heathen superstition unreasonable as profound, are leading characteristics of this scene. Men of letters who have explored the labyrinths of ancient mythology and history are generally agreed that the lowest intellectual races indulge most in animal worship, having their sacred bird, beast, fish, or even plant or inanimate object. Although it can never be maintained that the ancient Egyptians were *non compos mentis*, it is nevertheless a fact that animal worship occupied much of their religious thought.

Of this veneration for animals Cambyses, king of Persia (525 B. C.), took advantage. Pelusium was the key to Egypt. It was strongly fortified and garrisoned, and to all appearances must delay him long. He had recourse to the "cat stratagem," thus described by Polyenus: "Being informed that the whole garrison consisted of Egyptians, he placed in the front of his army a great number of cats, dogs, sheep, and other animals, which were looked upon as sacred by that nation; and then attacked the city by storm. The soldiers of the garrison not daring to shoot an arrow that way, or to fling a dart, for fear of hitting some of the animals, Cambyses became master of the place without opposition."

The cavalymen also carried baskets of cats, which were thrown into the fortifications and at the defending foe. The effect of these missive weapons was astounding. By superstitious dread the pious Egyptians were prostrated, and although their hairy gods worked no miracles to save their devotees nevertheless they did not seem to lose prestige thereby.

Paul Marie Lenoir was a pupil of Gerome and Jalabert, and winner of a first-class medal. "Cambyses at the Siege of Pelusium" (painted in 1863) is his most famous historical piece. Other excellent paintings of his are "Cathedral of St. Peter" (1867), "Jumping the Brook" (1872), "Cairo" (1879), and "Japanese Festival."



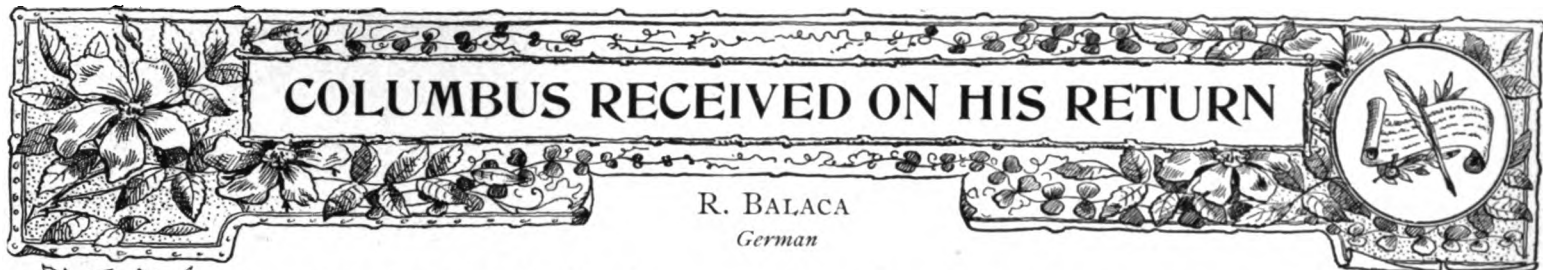


FOR her own person, it beggared all description: she did lie in her pavilion [cloth of gold and tissue], o'er-picturing that Venus where we see the fancy outwork Nature: on each side her stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, with divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem to glow the delicate cheek which they did cool."

In praise of the beauty of that charming Oriental wench Cleopatra, songsters have sung, poets have "poeted," and artists have "arted" far more than necessary. All the princes of Rome were in love with her, and would it be a slander to say that she was in love with them all? Antony sent away his own wife, and yielded himself completely to her influence. Pompey, the idol of the Roman people, was not altogether free from entanglement in the meshes of her wizard web; and as for the great Julius Cæsar, her love ran riot with his reason. Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, and was born in the year 69 B. C. At the age of seventeen she was left heir of the kingdom of Egypt, of which she was soon deprived by her guardians. Cæsar espoused her cause, defended her in Alexandria, and when he returned to Rome she followed him thither, in company with her little brother, to whom according to Egyptian custom she had been married. She soon disposed of the youngster by poison, and then lived with her Roman lover, much to the scandal of his fellow-citizens. It was upon the occasion of this visit to Rome that she made her famous entry into the Seven Hills over the Appian Way—that most celebrated of the ancient Roman roads.

Gustav Rodolphe Boulanger was fellow-pupil with Gerome in the school of Paul Delaroche, and in style is little less forcible than his associate. "St. Sebastian Appearing to the Emperor Maximian," "The Summer Bath at Pompeii," and many other products of his brush have won for him a favorable reputation among lovers of Art.





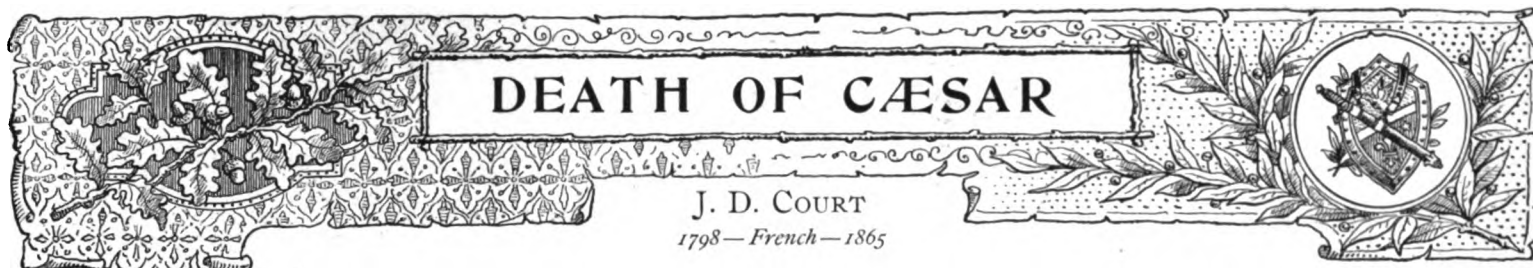
HE saw Relief thro' deadly dungeons grope; foes turn to brothers; black despair to hope; and cannon rust along the grass-grown slope; and rot the gallows rope. He saw the babes on Labor's cottage floor—the bright walls hung with luxury more and more, and Comfort, radiant with abundant store, wave welcome at the door. He saw the myriad spindles flutter round, the myriad mill-wheels shake the solid ground, the myriad homes where jocund joy is found, and love is throned and crowned. He saw exalted Ignorance under ban, though panoplied in force since time began, and Science, consecrated, led the van, the providence of man.

The pictures came, and paled and passed away. And then the admiral turned as from a trance, his lion face aglow, his luminous eyes lit with mysterious fire from hidden suns: "Now, Martin, to thy waiting helm again; haste to the Pinta. Fill her sagging sails, for on my soul hath dawned a wondrous sight. Lo! thro' this segment of the watery world uprose a hemisphere of glorious life, a realm of golden grain and fragrant fruits, and men and women wise and masterful, who dwelt in peace in rural cottages and splendid cities bursting into bloom—great lotus blossoms on a flowery sea; and Happiness was there, and bright-winged Hope—high Aspiration, soaring to the stars. And then methought, O Martin, thro' the storm a million faces turned on me and smiled.

Now we go forward, forward; Fear, avaunt! I will abate no atom of my dream, though all the devils of the underworld hiss in the sails and grapple to the keel. Haste to the Pinta! Westward keep her prow, for I have had a vision full of light; keep her prow westward in the sunset's wake from this hour hence, and let no man look back."

Then from the Pinta's foretop fell a cry, a trumpet song: "Light-ho! Light-ho! Light-ho!"

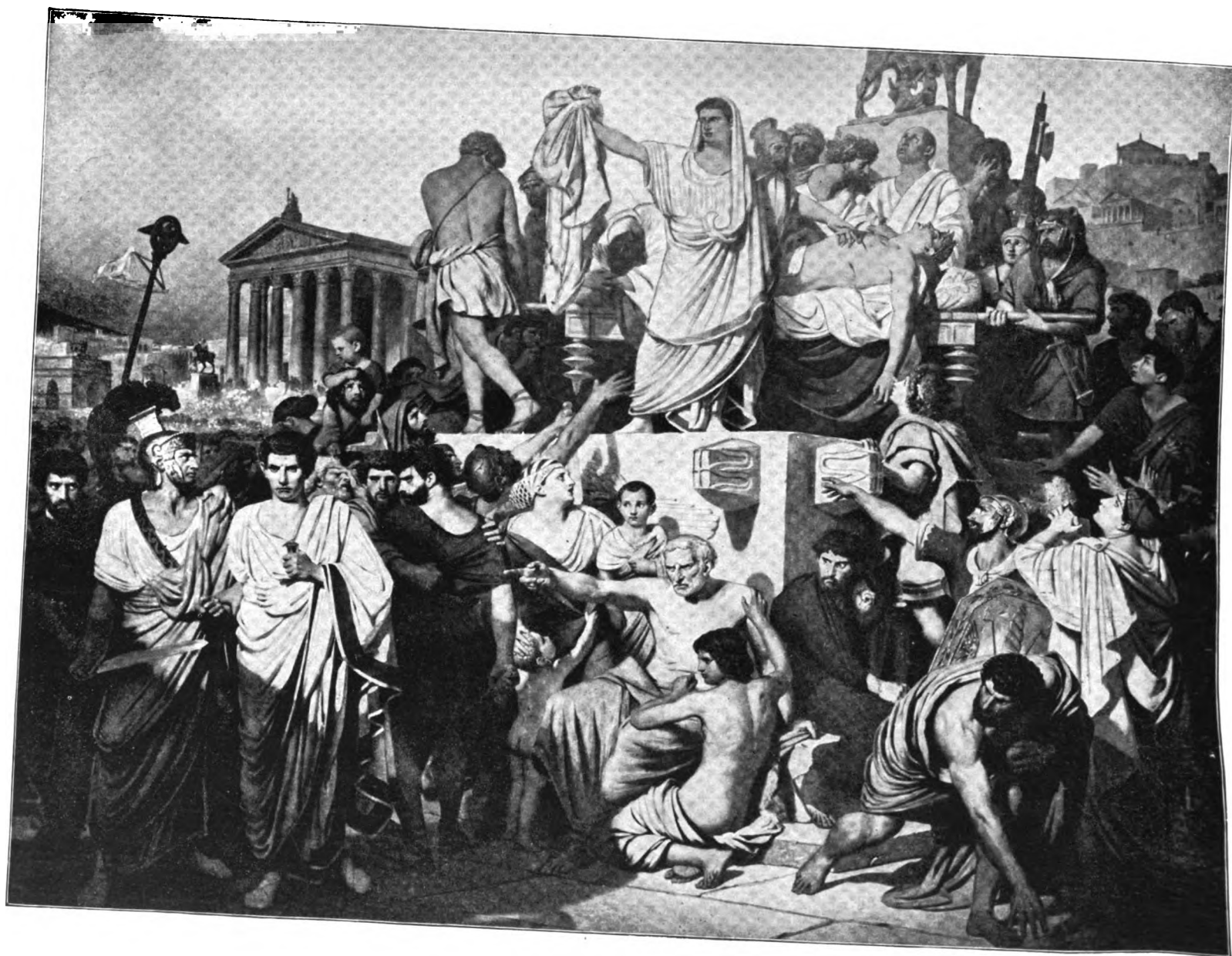




IN the year B. C. 44 an important meeting of the Roman Senate had been called for the Ides (15th) of March, on which memorable day Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of the ancient world,—citizen, statesman, orator, general, man of letters,—the idol of the Roman people, entered and took his seat. His presence had an awesome effect on men, and his would-be assassins had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage. They gathered round him; Cimber caught his gown; Cassius stabbed him in the throat. He leaped to his feet with a shrill cry. Another poniard entered his breast. "He looked around, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointed at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him, and sank down without uttering another word."

The body was brought down to the Forum and placed upon the Rostra. The dress had not been changed; the gown, gashed with daggers and soaked in blood, was still wrapped about it. Cæsar's will was read, in which he had made provision for the people, and they were stirred by the deepest passions. Antony came forward. "Power in most men," said he, "has brought their faults to light. Power in Cæsar brought into prominence his excellencies. Prosperity did not make him insolent, for it gave him a sphere which corresponded to his nature. . . . And this, your father, your Pontifex, this hero, whose person was declared inviolable, lies dead,—dead, not by disease or age, not by war or visitation of God, but here at home, by conspiracy within your own walls, slain within the Senate House."

Joseph Desire Court was a pupil of Gros and early won the Grand Prize of Rome and the Legion of Honor. He excelled as a historical painter. "The Deluge," "Samson Delivered to the Philistines," "Return of St. Louis," "King Giving the Colors to the National Guard," and portraits of Pope Pius IX. and others, are characteristic of his style. "The Death of Cæsar" is in the Louvre, Paris.



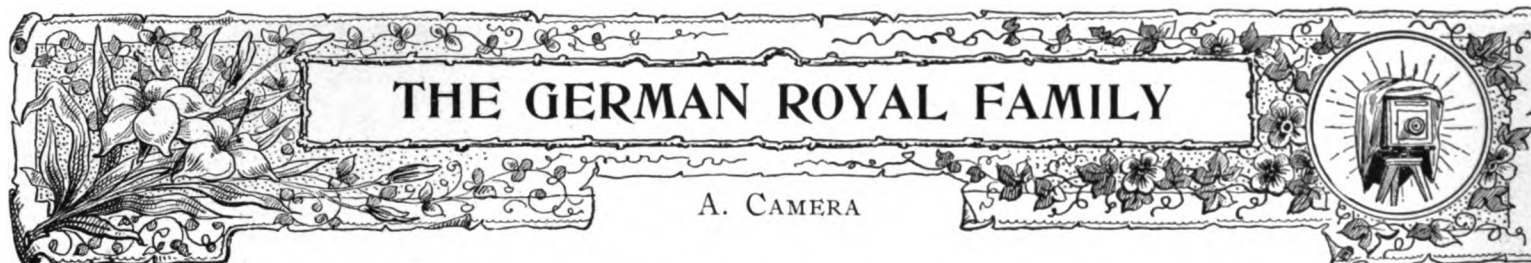


HIS picture has a chapter of its own in Art history. It is the second of three paintings designed by the artist to represent the rise, culmination, and decadence of Napoleon's career—"1805," "1807," and "1814." It occupied about fifteen years of the painter's life, and was twice repainted, once from some discontent with the coloring and once when the remarkable instantaneous photography by Mr. Muybridge of horses in movement had demonstrated other faults in the work. It was not pronounced finished until 1875, when it was

shown at the Vienna Exposition. Meissonier began it upon the order of Sir Richard Wallace, an English collector, at a stipulated price, which was increased by the artist from time to time as the years multiplied, until in despair of its completion and disgust at the price, now become large, the nobleman abandoned it, when the picture was promptly purchased at \$60,000 for Mr. A. T. Stewart, the New York merchant. After his death it was sold for \$66,000—the highest rate an art-work ever commanded at auction sale in this country—to Judge Henry Hilton, who presented it to the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York city, where it may now be seen.

The Battle of Friedland occurred June 24, 1807,—“St. John's Day,”—when Bonaparte was at the height of his power and military success. A cavalry charge had been made under Marshal Ney at 4 P. M. upon the village of Friedland, then held by the Russians; and this was followed later by the last charge of the day, the headlong dash of Nansouty's cuirassers and Beaumont's dragoons which completed the discomfiture of the enemy. It is the moment when the Emperor and his glittering staff are passed in this movement that has been seized by the artist for one of the most striking battle-pictures ever painted. In the devoted spirit of the old gladiators, but with a patriotic fervor wanting to them, we may imagine the French soldiery as shouting “*Morituri Salutamus*”—we who are about to die salute thee!



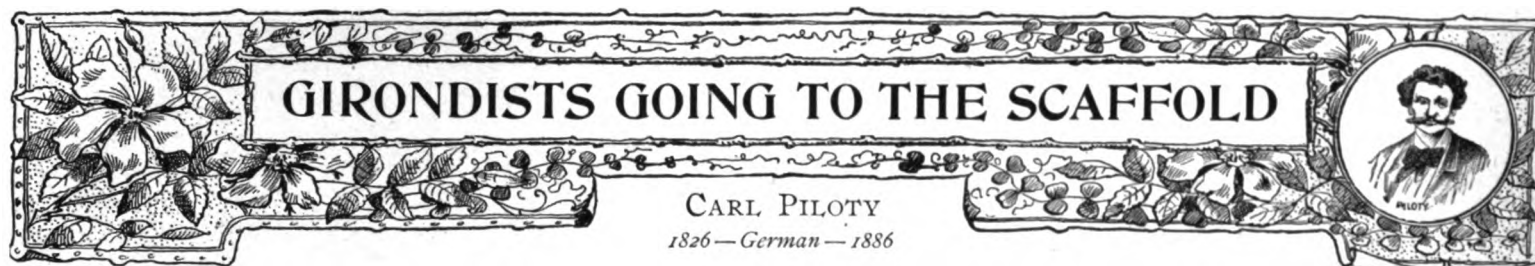


PORTRAITURE and photography have seldom made a nobler presentation than in this picture. Nearly half a hundred personages appear in it, representing four generations and much of the best blood of royalty and imperialism in the Teutonic nations.

The central figure, since this is a group of years ago, is that superb soldier and statesman, the Kaiser William I., who rode as a young officer in the Allied line as it entered Paris in the Napoleonic wars of 1813-14, and was successively Governor of Pomerania, Regent and King of Prussia, head of the North German Confederation, and finally, in the splendid old palaces of the French kings at Versailles, crowned Emperor of Germany. At his right sits his still beautiful and always cultured and lovable Empress Augusta, and then the popular Crown Prince Frederick-William, "Unser Fritz," another able and brave soldier, commander of the Central Army in the war with Austria and of another great force in the Franco-German struggle, and at last for a brief and painful period Emperor. With him is the imperial daughter of another imperial house, his wife Victoria, the princess-royal, eldest child of Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India. Near this truly noble pair is their eldest son, the present Emperor, with the Princess (now Empress) Augusta Victoria of Augustenburg, a bride of 1881.

On the extreme right of the renowned group is Prince Frederick-Charles, younger brother of the venerable Emperor and also a great soldier, commander of the Second Army in the Franco-German war, receiving the capitulation of Metz and so made a Field-Marshal before the Crown Prince. Here are also others of the older members of the imperial house, and across the broad field of the picture may be easily traced the three generations that center upon the august couple. The young people, especially the babies, are among the most interesting of all. The faces are marked by the charming simplicity and kindness characteristic of the later Hohenzollerns.



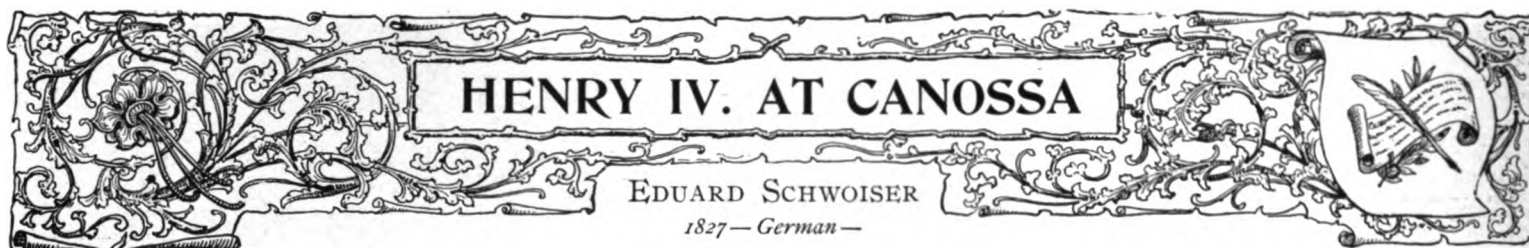


DURING the closing decades of the eighteenth century the political status of France was hanging in the balance. Her ship of state was on the verge of total annihilation. A people who had never known the blessings of constitutional liberty were making desperate efforts for that inestimable boon, and a monarchical family, drunken with lust for power and holding as a most sacred tenet of its creed the doctrine of the "divine right of kings," was doing its best to keep the people in serfdom.

The Assembly of the year 1791 proposed a new constitution. The famous Mirabeau being at this time the "terrible orator" of the House, the court party endeavored to bribe him to turn traitor to the revolutionary party and throw in his fortune with theirs. He established himself as a mediator between the two parties and advised the king, Louis XVI., to escape to Lyons. At this critical era Mirabeau died. The king soon yielded all, and on September 14, 1791, accepted the constitution. In October a new Assembly was called. At once it divided itself into two parties, varying in their loyalty to the new constitution. Trouble ensued, the Assembly was dissolved, and a Girondist ministry appointed by the king. But Louis XVI. could not long agree with them, and they were soon ejected from power. The Girondists then joined the Jacobins or radical revolutionary party. Many of the Girondists were put to death by the king; others by the Jacobins. They were the moderate party, and consequently suspected by both royalists and radicals.

At last the Jacobins executed the king in spite of the Girondist majority in the national convention, and next, maddened by moderation, overthrew the Girondists. The Girondists represented the burgher classes, and desired to establish the new constitution in all its parts. But they did not believe in the radical measures of the Jacobins, and consequently incurred the wrath of the people.





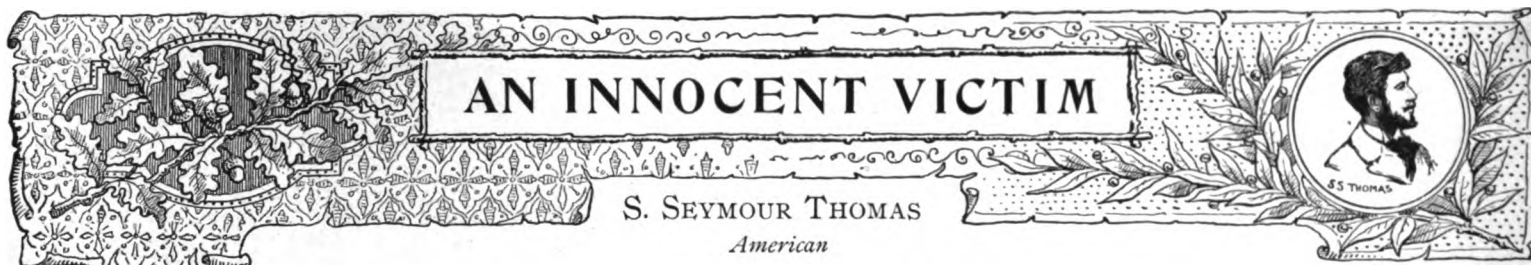
N the year 1077 Henry IV. wielded the scepter over the Empire of Germany; while the famous Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, was supreme pontiff of the Papal Church. Gregory was one of the first of that great line of Popes who used all their mighty influence to raise the popedom to a position where it would command the respect of kings, princes, nobles, and people.

A quarrel soon broke out between these two great men, and Gregory issued a bull, declaring that it was a sin for an ecclesiastic to receive his benefice under conditions from a layman, and so condemned the whole system of feudal investitures to the clergy. In so doing he aimed a terrible blow at all secular authority. Half of the land and wealth of Germany was in the hands of bishops and abbots, who would now be freed from the monarch's control and pass under that of the Pope. Under such conditions civil government would be impossible. Gregory ordered Henry to appear at Rome and be judged for his vices and misgovernment, and the latter replied by convoking a synod which deposed and insulted Gregory. The fearless prelate at once pronounced Henry excommunicate, and then was manifested the superiority of the ecclesiastical over the temporal power. The monarch was compelled to submit, and in the middle of winter to cross the snowy Alps, seeking absolution from his adversary.

Then ensued that humiliating scene in the yard of the Countess Matilda's castle,—a royal penitent, clad in a white woolen frock, with naked feet, standing in the snow for three full days and nights, without food, till the priest who sat within should admit and absolve him.

Eduard Schwoiser is a self-taught historical and genre painter whose chief works are in fresco. His best pictures in oil are "Henry IV. at Canossa" and "Albrecht von Hapsburg Blessing His Son before Departing for Palestine."





IN all ages the sympathies of woman have been deeply stirred by the miseries of war, and notably by the sufferings of soldiers on the battlefield and in hospital. The Catholic Sisters of Charity, organized in France in 1634, by Vincent de Paul and the noble Widow le Gras, as a worthy companion of the Brothers of Charity or Compassionate Brothers, established in Spain nearly a century before, make a specialty of this work; and in the great American Civil War and the European wars of the later ages they won the tender regard and most precious memories of great numbers of sick and wounded soldiers. Countless other women, in many organized and unorganized capacities, have rendered similarly valuable services. Miss Clara Barton, a Government clerk in Washington at the opening of the Rebellion, resigned her place to do eminent service in the Federal hospitals, and has since devoted herself largely to the improvement of the ambulance and hospital service in this and foreign countries. In the Franco-German War she followed the army of invasion and co-operated with the Grand Duchess of Baden in these reforms, for which she was decorated with the Golden Cross of Baden and the Iron Cross of Germany.

Service to the wounded is by no means without danger. In this pathetic picture a beautiful Sister shares the fate of the soldiers she would relieve, and seems to be wounded even to the death. Another of the angels of mercy anxiously tests her pulse, while a surgeon of the Red Cross renders such hopeless aid as he may. The wounded soldier whose wrist she has just bound up looks horror-stricken upon the sequel.

Mr. Thomas is a native of the quaint old town of San Augustine, Texas, and afterwards lived in San Antonio, though for some years he has painted in Paris. He is still young enough to be called "the boy artist"; yet this picture, shown at the 1892 Salon, Paris, and at the World's Fair in 1893, is valued at \$10,000. Thomas also painted the portrait of General Houston for the Texas Building at the Fair.



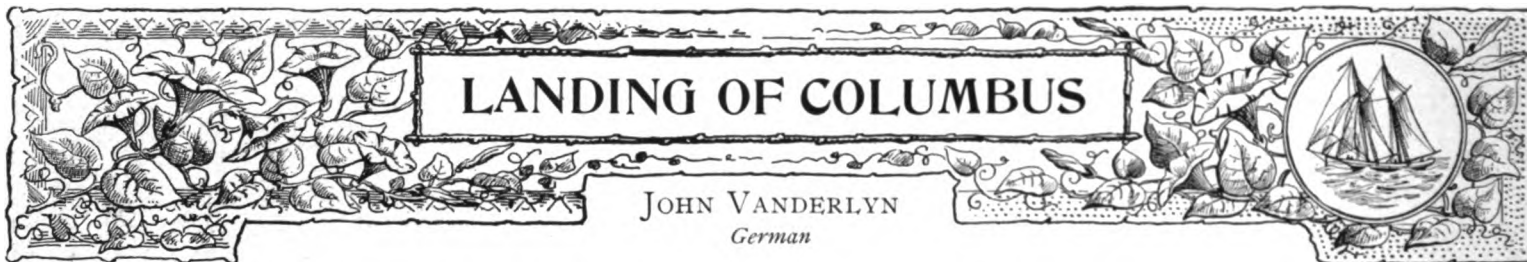


DANIEL DEFOE, author of "Robinson Crusoe," that classic of childhood, was quite too independent in thought and expression for his time. Nearly two centuries ago (1702) he published a pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," which offended the High-Churchmen of England, who sought to arrest him for what was then held to be an offense against the law. He had fled; the advertisement offering a reward for his capture enables us to see the famous writer in our mind's eye as "a middle-sized spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

The artist has probably made a more flattering figure of him as he appears in the pillory, then a common method of punishment and surviving in some places to quite recent days. He was sentenced to stand three several times in the pillory, besides imprisonment indefinitely and the payment of a considerable fine. It was customary for the rude populace to visit the pilloried man with many indignities, as by pelting with unsavory missiles; but in this case the popular sentiment was with Defoe, who was greeted instead, as the tradition goes, with flowers and other testimonials of kindly regard, which the soldiers apparently would check his friends from offering. The artist has made careful studies of the London and London people of that time, and the costumes and architecture are well worth attentive observation.

Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., is a famous English genre painter, formerly a favorite pupil of Delaroche, and much befriended by the novelist Thackeray, who had also strong proclivities for art. Among other pieces of his are "Swift Reading a Letter from Stella," "Boswell's Introduction to the Club," "Charles II. Knighting the Loin of Beef," and "The Burial of Goldsmith." The Defoe picture was shown in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1862. The artist was made an Associate Royal Academician in 1876.





THEN eagerly Columbus sought a sign in sea and sky and in his lonely heart, finding, instead of presages of hope, the black and ominous portents of despair. The wild winds roared around him and he heard shrill voices cry, "Return! Return! Return!" He thought of Genoa and dreams of youth, his father's warnings and his mother's prayers, confiding Beatrix and the prattling babe, the life and mirth and warmth of old Castile, the tempting comfort of the peaceful land, and wild winds moaned, "Return! Return! Return!"

As thus he mused he paced the after-deck and gazed upon the luminous waves astern. Strange life was in the phosphorescent foam, and thro' the goblin glow there came and went, like elfin shadows on an opal sea, prophetic pictures of the land he sought.

He saw the end of his victorious quest—he saw, ablaze on Isabella's breast, the gorgeous Antillean jewels rest—the Islands of the West. He saw invading Plenty dispossess old Poverty, the land with bounty bless, and thro' the wailing caverns of distress walk star-eyed Happiness. He saw an empire, radiant as the day, harnessed to law, but under Freedom's sway proudly arise, resplendent in array, to show the world the way. He saw celestial Peace in mortal guise; and, filled with hope and thrilled with high surprise, lifting its tranquil forehead to the skies, a vast republic rise.

He saw beyond the hills of golden corn, beyond the curve of autumn's opulent horn, Ceres and Flora laughingly adorn the bosom of the morn. He saw a cloth of gold across the gloom, an arabesque from evolution's loom, and from the barren prairies' driven spume imperial cities bloom. He saw an iron dragon dashing forth on pathways east and west and south and north, its bonds uniting in beneficent girth remotest ends of earth. He saw the lightning run an elfin race where trade and love and pleasure interlace, and severed friends in Ariel's embrace communing face to face.



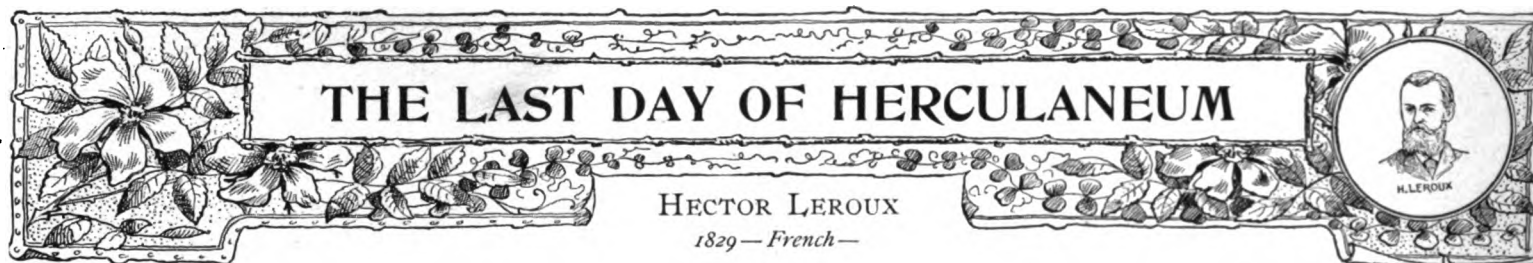


AORLORN hope," indeed! For several days the beleaguering forces have kept up an unceasing fire; for days the besieged have fiercely returned it. Gradually their ears have become accustomed to the boom of heavy artillery; and the sight of a falling comrade, which at first palled the heart with fear and sorrow, now no longer excites the former, although it ever awakens the latter. Mid such scenes fear itself begets courage. Desperation seizes the garrison, and they determine to fight to the last and then "die as should a soldier, having dared and done his best."

Driven from the fortifications where fell their companions in the fatal charge, the survivors have taken refuge in the deserted building, surrounded and cut off from retreat. The sergeant is taking aim for the last time; for the cartridge pouches are empty and the magazines have been fired. Behind him the companions wounded in the fray are talking over the desperate odds against them, and deciding between death and captivity. Leaning forward, with a bandage around his limb, stands a veteran of many wars, who with calm soldier-face views the foe now forming for the final charge, uncertain of the number who await the onset, but made cautious by the fatal shots just fired. A gleam of satisfaction lights up the hero's battle-scarred features while he watches the officer selected as a target for "the last cartridge." Farther back in the room stands another true type of European soldier. With eye as critical as when at target practice, and with hands driven deep into his pockets, he also watches and waits, sullenly indifferent to death or imprisonment awaiting him.

Alphonse Marie de Neuville, from whose brush we present two excellent pieces in this work, "leans to the emotional and dramatic side of his study, sees the soldier as he is, in action, and paints his energy, boldness, and courage," while Detaille "subjects him to military scrutiny, analyzes him, and turns him inside out." It would be difficult to say which is the greater.



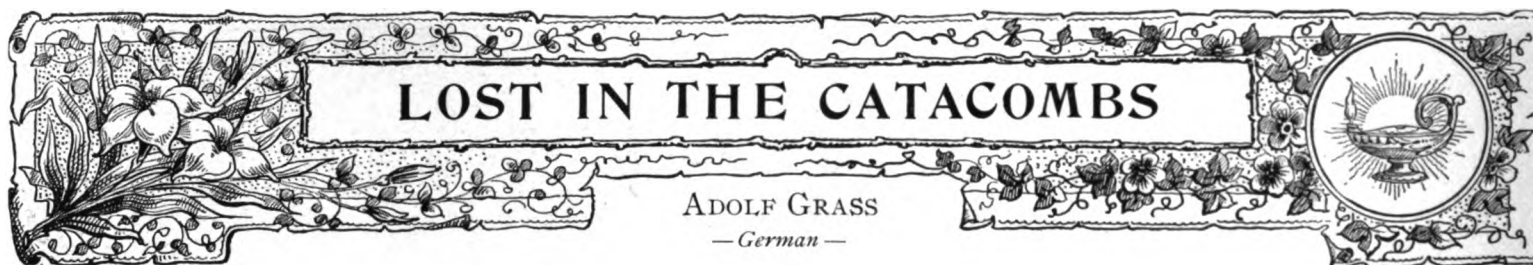


GREAT names and events are these! Herculaneum was the City of Hercules, for the primitive worship of the stalwart hero is said to have made the beginnings of the beautiful but ill-fated place. The Vestal Virgins—for such are they with the lovely faces and forms, chaste and pure in ages of unspeakable impurity, as at Herculaneum and Pompeii—are before us.

Leroux loved to paint the beautiful side of this unholy era. His "Vestal Tuccia" may be seen in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington; and other treatments of his are "The School of the Vestal Virgins," and "The School of Vestals Fleeing from Rome, B. C. 390." The doomed region about Vesuvius furnished him with at least one other theme—"The Mysterious Stone at Pompeii," while "At Virgil's Tomb," "Funeral in the Columbarium of the House of the Cæsars," "The Invocation," and "The Sacrifice" are further classic views. Of another style are "The Shepherds" and "The Fishers." Leroux was a pupil of Picot and winner of three medals by his exhibitions at the Salon. The "Last Day" was his representative piece at the Salon of 1881.

The last day—what a word of doom to the individual, much more to the city or the nation! Herculaneum, in one of the most delightful districts of the world, beautiful for situation, climate, and all in physical nature that makes life desirable; become a wealthy suburb, a grand and powerful city as a favorite dwelling-place for Roman noble and patrician—out of its splendor, its luxury, and pride comes to its last day, August 23, A. D. 79. In the distance Vesuvius lightens, thunders, threatens with its dreadful volcanic storm which buried the city to a depth of sixty-five feet. The Vestal sisters three, with their few yet costly belongings, have fled to this hill of safety that rears its head above the fiery flood. One looks out courageously yet anxiously upon the dreadful scene; another shrinks from it to gaze upon the still beautiful landscape toward the sea; and a third has fainted in the arms of her companion.





THE earliest "Christian" catacombs known may be assigned to the second century. The larger number belong to the third century and early part of the fourth. They are a marvelous system of subterranean labyrinths built beneath the city and suburbs of Rome, near the Appian way. The entrances were always secret, air being introduced by means of vertical shafts. Torches and candles generally lighted up these dark abodes.

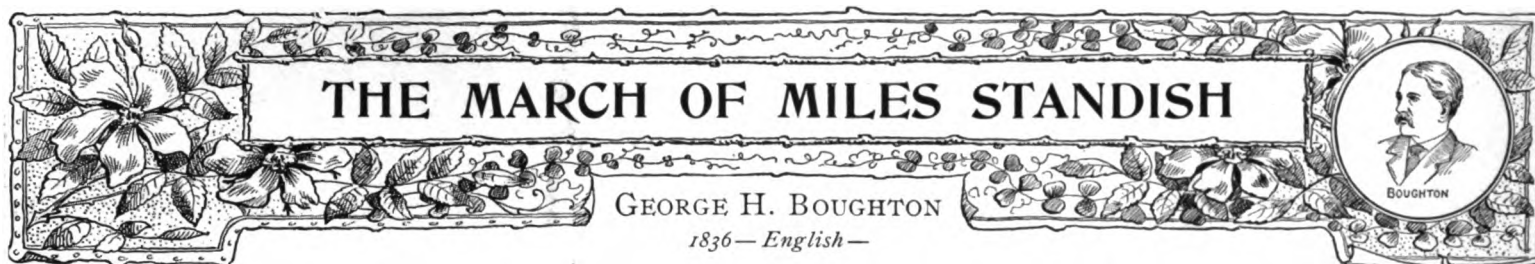
The catacombs were first constructed for interment of the dead. The bodies, after being embalmed, were laid in niches in the walls, and a stone slab inserted covering the opening. On the slab was inscribed the name of the deceased, with the date and cause of death.

During the terrible days of Pagan persecution the catacombs served as hiding-places for the Christians. Large rooms were excavated, where they worshiped in comparative peace and security, holding their sacred services and chanting their holy songs; shut away from the light of day, but blessed with the light of God.

"Under the fiercest persecution these witnesses for Christ kept their faith unsullied. Though deprived of every comfort they uttered no complaint. With words of patience, faith, and hope, they encouraged one another to endure privation and distress. Trials and persecutions were but steps bringing them nearer their rest and their reward."

In many places the walls of the catacombs are beautifully frescoed. These are purely symbolical, such as the Vine, the Good Shepherd and the Sheep, etc., and one not familiar with these and the tortuous windings of the catacombs is in great danger of being lost. Paris, Naples, Syracuse, Alexandria, and Rome are noted for their catacombs, those of the latter being the most extensive, having over 700 miles of galleries, and containing the remains of over 5,000,000 people.





FEW in numbers, yet in intellect and character an army equal to a much larger column of the average soldier, are these Pilgrim Fathers, who broke into the howling Western wilderness and subdued Man and Nature. Their leader is the redoubtable Captain Miles Standish, so nicely described by Longfellow: "Short of stature he was but strongly built and athletic; broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron; brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

The scene is that of which this poet gives a graphic word-picture in his hexameter poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish": "Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists repose from the meadows, . . . figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village. Standish, the stalwart, it was, with eight of his valorous army, led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men, northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage." It seems a petty detachment to undertake so formidable a military movement; but when we contemplate their grim, determined features and the sublime courage which puts their faith in God yet "keeps the powder dry," the march of Miles Standish becomes truly impressive.

Both England and America lay claim to the artist of this fine picture. He was born in Norfolk, but came a little boy to this country, returned to London for art-study in 1855, to New York for his early fame as a landscape painter, to Paris for two years' more study, and finally to London for permanent residence, where he is now a member of the Royal Academy. In the Art Department of the Columbian Fair he exhibited in the British section. Other famous Puritan pictures of his are "The Return of the Mayflower," "Rose Standish," "Puritans Going to Church," and "The Scarlet Letter."





THE accompanying picture represents this great German dramatic composer, with some of the leading characters of his popular operas. He was born in the year 1791, of a wealthy and prominent Jewish family, his father being a banker, and his mother a woman of high intellectual culture. Giacomo early distinguished himself in music. At the age of seven he played in public Mozart's Concerto in D minor, and at nine he was pronounced the best pianist in Berlin. For composition he studied under Zelter, Weber and Vogler. In 1812 he was appointed composer to the Court.

Meyerbeer's early works were such lamentable failures that he feared he had mistaken his vocation. He determined to study vocalization in Italy and form a new style, but in the meantime became so captivated by the style of Rossini at Venice, that, renouncing all thought of originality, he produced a succession of seven Italian operas, all of which achieved brilliant success. *Il Crociato* was received with such favor that he was crowned upon the stage.

The reality of his transcendent genius first became apparent through his French opera *Robert le Diable*, which was produced at the Grand Opera in 1831. This was a romantic opera abounding with startling scenes, powerfully dramatic situations, mysterious horrors, chivalric pomp, and ballet music such as had never yet been heard, even in Paris. His new opera, *Les Huguenots*, was in some respects greater, but lacked the romance of the former. Meyerbeer's two greatest works, however, are *Le Prophete* and *L'Africaine*. Upon these, with the two others last mentioned, his fame now almost entirely rests. His name will live as long as intensity of passion and power of dramatic treatment are appreciated.

Edouard Jean Hamman obtained his Art-education at Antwerp Academy and at Paris, and was in the Legion of Honor in 1864. His pictures are largely historical, as "Rabelais at the Court of France," "Hamlet," "Charles X. and His Surgeon," "Louis XIII. and Maria de Medicis," "Dante at Ravenna," etc.





N Italy the arts had been progressive from the time of their revival by Cimabue and Giotto, but only reached their highest distinction in the age of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, those illustrious representatives of Art in the sixteenth century.

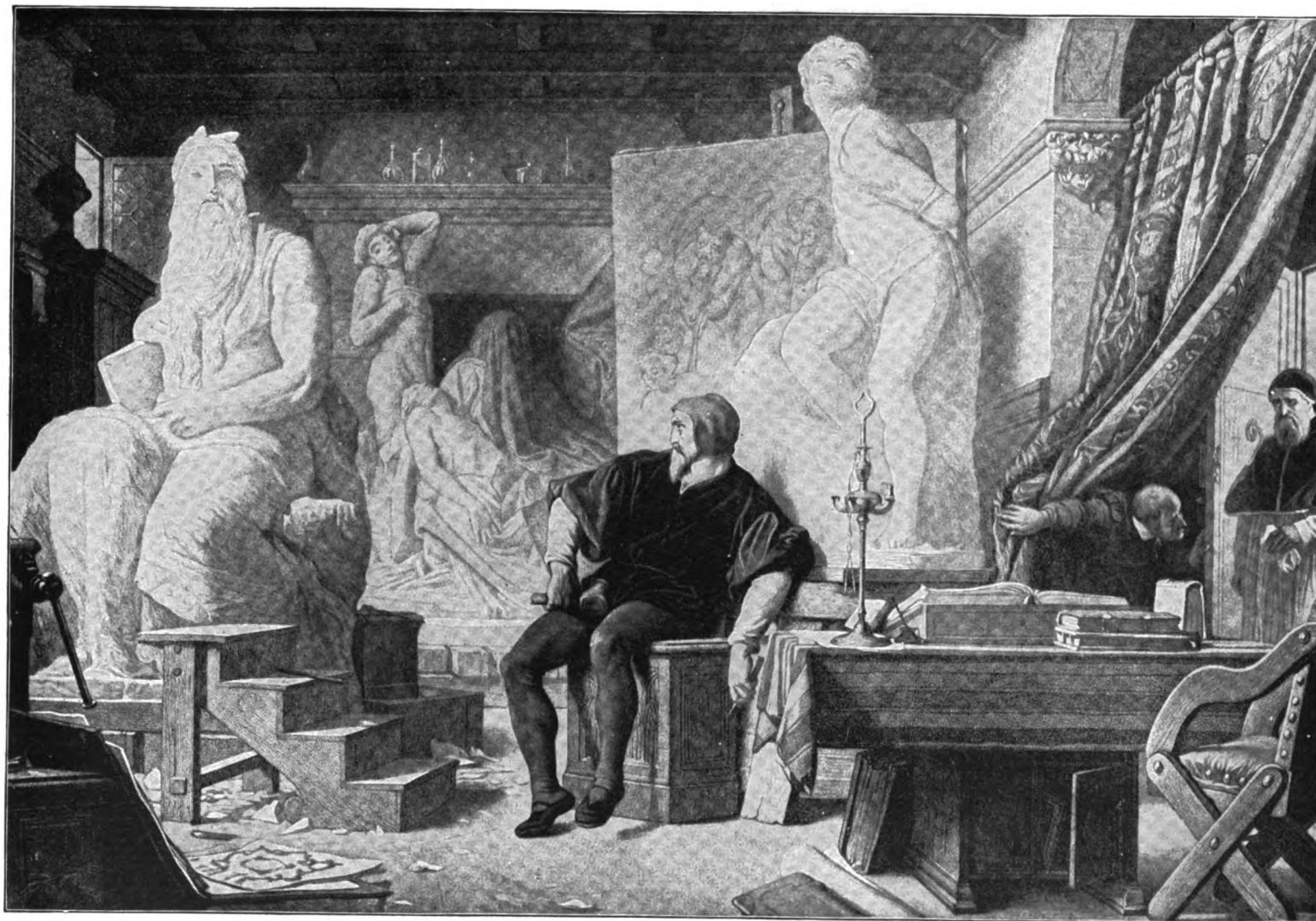
The celebrated sculptor, painter, and architect, Michael Angelo, was born in that "ancient stronghold" the castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, on the 6th of March, 1747, being descended from the family of the counts of Canossa. The remarkable genius of

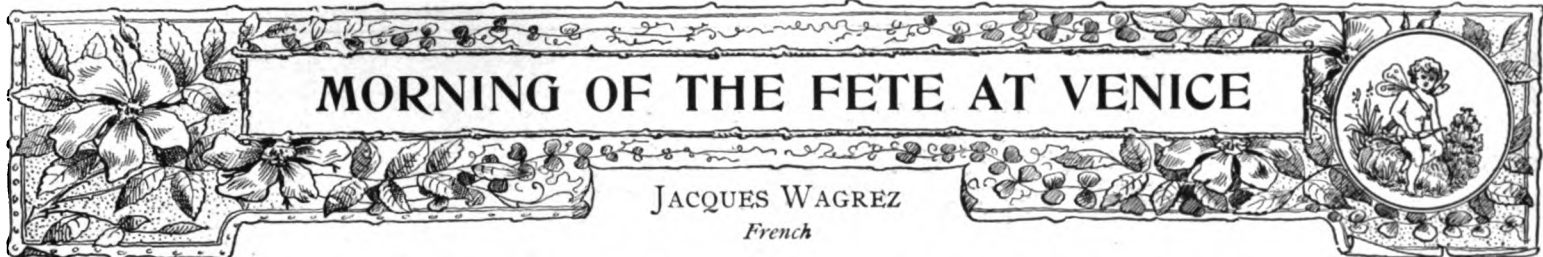
this artist was manifest from his early childhood. At the age of fourteen he completed his first attempt in sculpture, the "Laughing Faun," and although he became justly celebrated as an architect and painter, sculpture he considered as his profession, which he cultivated by having an implicit deference to Nature and a due respect for the works of his predecessors; not considering his study complete without having first contemplated the principles laid down by the ancients.

The statue of Moses, in St. Pietro in Vincolo, is a complete example of those comprehensive powers which in different degrees are found to pervade all of Angelo's works. The expression and attitude of that figure combine to form a grand personification of the author of the Pentateuch.

"And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone, sits giant-like? Stern monument of art unparalleled, while language seems to start from his prompt lips, and we his precepts own?—'Tis Moses; by his beard's thick honors known, and the twin beams that from his temples dart; 'tis Moses seated on the Mount apart, whilst yet the godhead o'er his features shone."

Cabanel is one of the modern masters. Winning the prize in his native Montpellier, which entitled him to a free course of study in Paris, he began his work there under Picot in 1839. "Thamar," "The Birth of Venus," "Sulamite," "Penelope" (painted for Mr. Vanderbilt), and portraits of many wealthy Americans are the briefest possible mention of his productions.



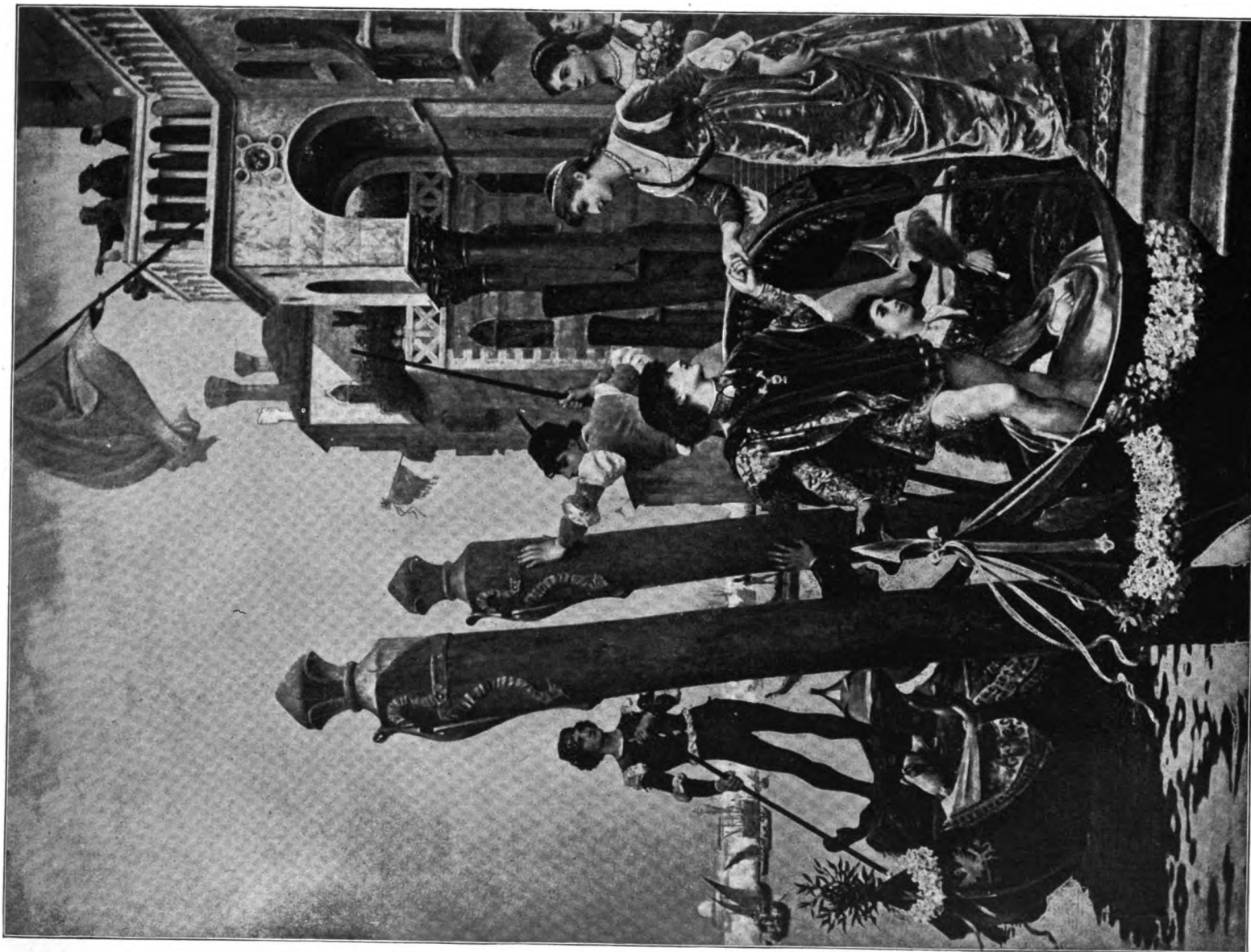


THIS theme belongs in time to the fifteenth century, the age of Huss and Jerome, of Joan of Arc, Henry V., Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus and the Western World. Venice was great in arts and arms. Besides her island republic, she held an empire upon the mainland.

In the wealth of her world-wide commerce and her fine and industrial arts, the strength of her government, the beauty of her palaces, and the extent of her possessions, she approached though she could not rival "the grandeur which was Greece and the glory which was Rome." Along her hundred and fifty canals were (and in most cases still are) the splendid "Stones of Venice," of which Ruskin wrote so beautifully nearly half a century ago.

To the steps of one of these palaces in the Queen City of the Adriatic the graceful and gaily decorated gondolier has brought the beautiful youth, scion of another aristocratic house, who doffs his velvet cap as he grasps the hand of the lovely girl, who "cometh one of three" to greet the visitors. Or perchance, as some would have it, this is the glad wedding morn. It matters not; the festive costumes, the decorated boats, the floating banners, the second gondola ready for its precious load, all betoken that a fete-day is on.

Jacques Clement Wagrez is an historical and genre painter, principally in water-color. He is son of an artist, and was also pupil of Pils and other masters. Among his pieces are "Francis I. and the Duchesse d'Etampes," "An Etruscan Poet," "Lion of St. Mark," "Dream of the Cup-bearer," "St. Clara of Assisi," "War and Peace," "Diana," "Eros," and others. The Venetian scene is a production of the year 1885, and was shown at the Salon of 1889.



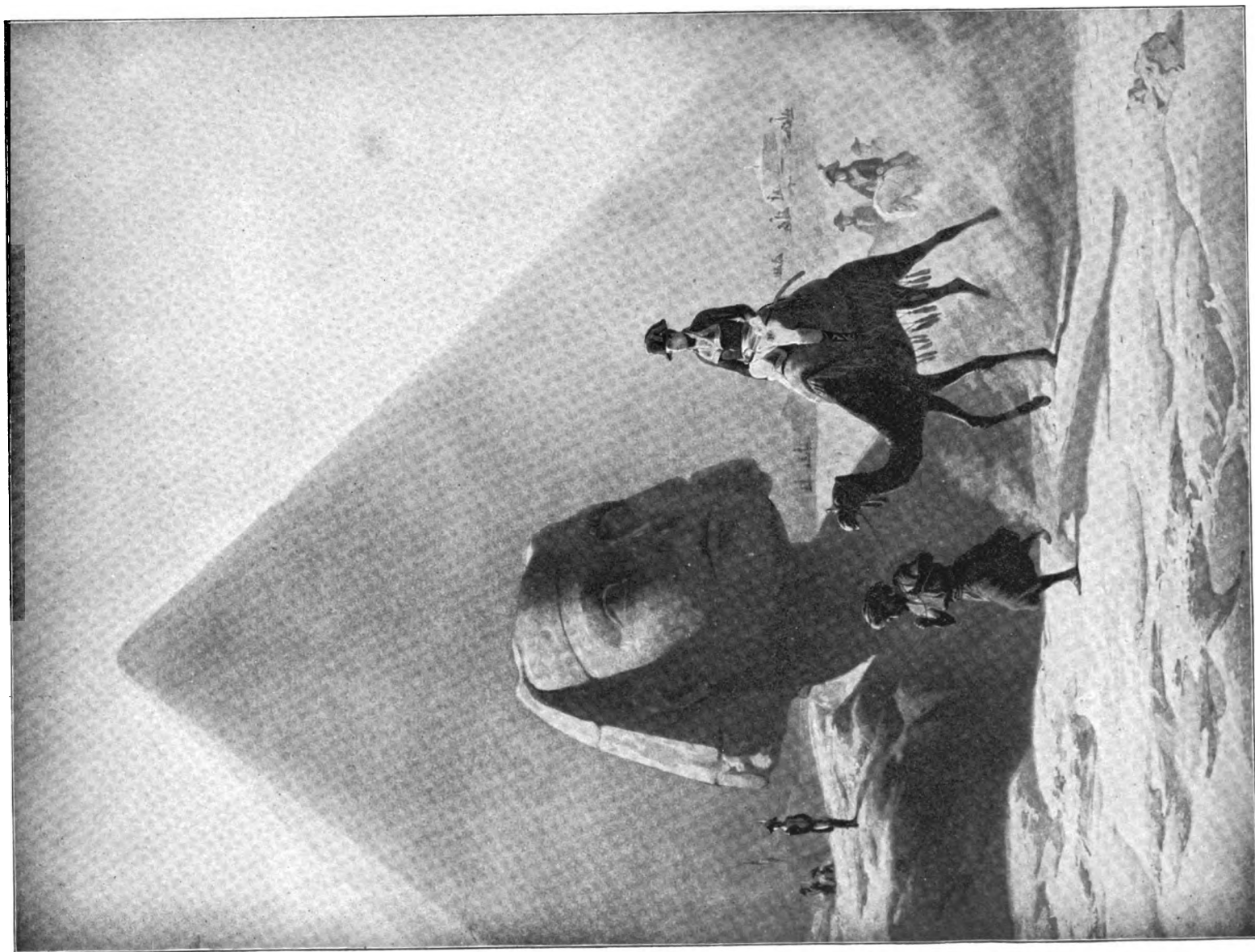


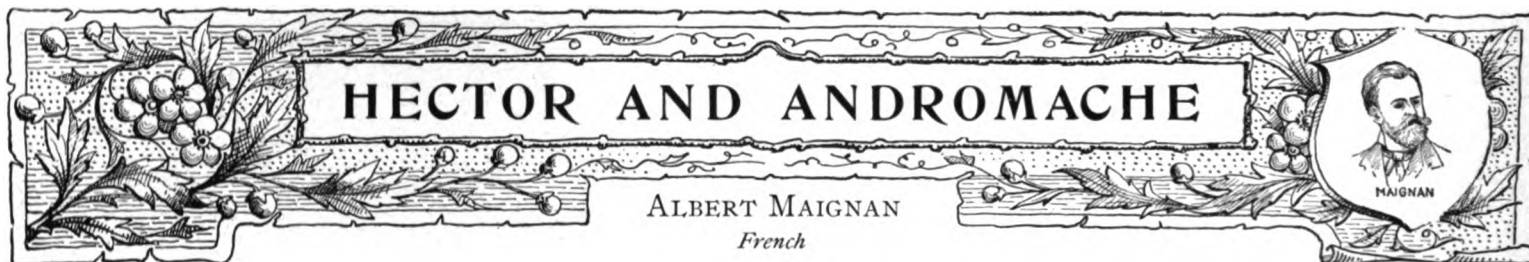
N the year 1798 the idea of invading England thrilled the hearts of the warriors of France. Napoleon Bonaparte, fearful of dropping out of sight, and eager to fire the imagination of his country by singular and distant success, proposed to subjugate Egypt. The land of the Nile would be an Eldorado to France, for it would secure to her the control of the Mediterranean and be a fatal blow to the trade of England. "We can destroy England in Egypt" was Napoleon's belief.

Napoleon sailed from Toulon, May 19, 1798. He captured the Island of Malta, eluded the British fleet, at that time under the able command of Nelson, and landed at Alexandria. This city was easily taken, and he then started for Cairo. On the way he successfully resisted the gallant attacks of the Mamelukes, and while passing the pyramids inspired his troops with those burning words: "Forty centuries are looking down upon you!" Cairo was taken, and Napoleon considered the country already his, when the news came that Nelson had destroyed his fleet. The tide turned against him, and in 1799 he stole away to retrieve his shattered fortunes on other fields.

There are three pyramids of note. The base of the largest covers thirteen acres of ground, its height being about 780 feet. The pyramids are composed of a mass of masonry of rough-hewn blocks, on the outside of which is a casing of fine stone, elaborately finished and well jointed; and on the inside, a sepulchral chamber, reached in all cases by a passage from the north. To the east of the second pyramid is the great Sphinx, the Egyptian name of which is "Nu." It is a recumbent androsphinx, or man-headed lion, 188 feet in length, hewn out of a natural eminence in the solid rock.

Carl Girardet, pupil of Cogniet, is fairly famous for this and other pieces, as "The Nile," "Mosque in Cairo," "Odalisque," "Protestants Surprised at Worship," etc.





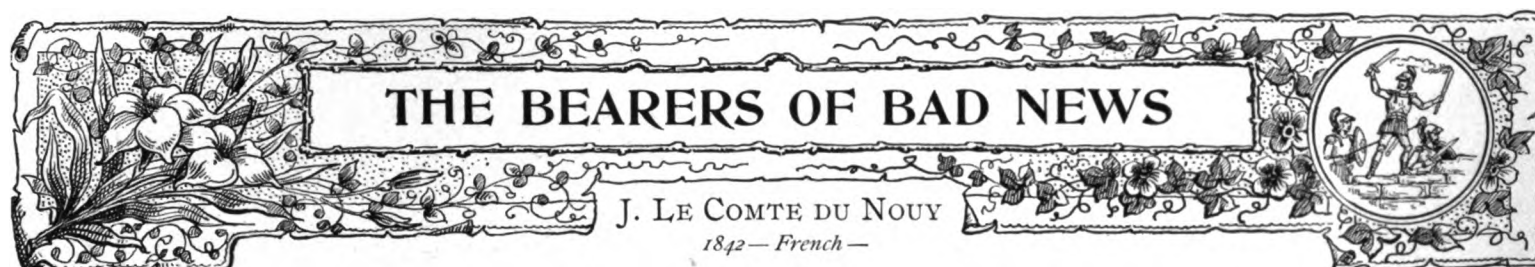
LL-FATED TROY! The legend of her downfall ends the Heroic Age. Alas for Hector, son of Priam, the greatest hero in the Trojan ranks! In the contest with the Greeks he slew Patroclus, friend of Achilles, which incurred the wrath of the latter. Hector's wife, Andromache, in childhood had been bereft of her father, Eetion, and seven brothers at Achilles's hand, and when her beloved husband was to encounter this dreadful enemy, she bewailed. Hector paused in his chariot to bid adieu to Andromache and his infant son. She pleaded:—"Too daring prince, ah! whither dost thou run? Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son! for sure such courage length of life denies, and thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom, all I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!"

The prince replied most tenderly, declaring that no "dire presage" seemed so terrible as that of Andromache's sorrow. He lovingly embraced his infant son, and prayed,—“O thou whose glory fills the eternal throne, and all ye deathless powers, protect my son. Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown, to guard the Trojans, to defend the crown; against his country's foes the war to wage, and rise the Hector of the future age. Andromache, my soul's far better part, why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? No hostile hand can antedate my doom till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.”

In the contest Achilles fiercely pursues Hector. “Jove lifts the golden balances that show the fates of mortal men and things below. Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate, heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.” Under a deception practiced by Minerva, Hector is slain; but he declares,—“Then welcome fate! 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great.”

Albert Maignan was a pupil of Noel and Luminais; won a first-class medal in 1879; was in the Legion of Honor in 1883; and has produced a long list of excellent historical paintings, two being shown at the World's Columbian Fair.





LENT to the 1878 Paris Exhibition by the Luxembourg Gallery, which owns the original canvas, was this select standard of French Art, "crowned by the governmental choice," and originated under the inspiration of the following passage in "The Mummy," by Theophile Gautier: "A second messenger fell beside the first; a third met the same fate; and Pharaoh, floating by the eye of thought over that overgrown city of which he was the absolute master, reflected with mortification on the limited nature of human power."

It has been remarked of this picture that it indicates careful archæological research on the part of the artist, as evidenced by the profusion of interesting details which so appropriately supplement the statue-like sternness characterizing the more prominent features of the work, in style wholly unlike the flexible treatment of Decamps, Delacroix, and others.

Jules Jean Antoine Lecomte du Nouy is a masterly delineator of the history of the "Land of the Nile" which, prior to the year 670, B. C., was a region of mysteries and marvels, whose inhabitants might well be compared to the inmates of the happy valley, in "Rasselas," from which no tidings escaped to the outer world. At intervals of centuries, individuals, like Cecrops and Danaus, had fled to other countries, and had attached the gratitude of posterity to their memories for the religion, laws, and other institutions of civilization which they had conferred. But in B. C. 670 the venerable system of isolation which for many hundreds of years had been the policy of Egypt was overthrown by Psammeticus, who opened Egyptian ports to the commerce of the world.

The artist of "Pharaoh and the Bearers of Bad News" was pupil of Gerome and Signol, his first exhibition pictures being "Job and His Three Friends" and "Dancing Fellah Woman," both shown at the Paris Salon of 1867. In the 1872 Salon hung "Demosthenes on the Sea Shore" and the subject of this sketch, for which he was awarded second medal. His "Homer Begging" was shown at the 1876 Salon.





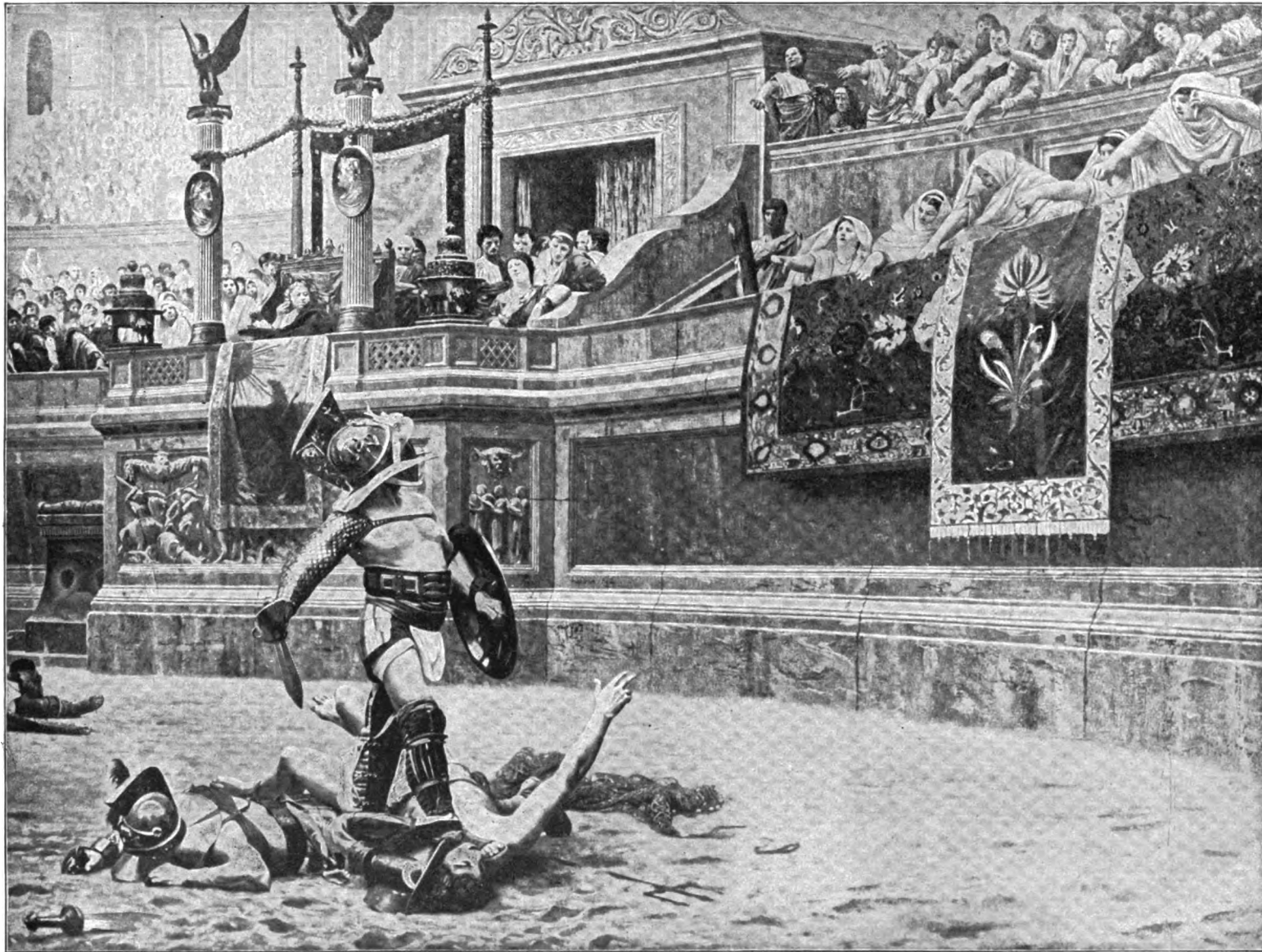
MUCH has been said concerning the dangers of gladiatorial combat. By the ancients it was eulogized; by the moderns it is deplored. It is said that the inhabitants of fair Etruria were the first people to feast their ferocious appetites for bloody scenes on this inhuman sport, the origin of which lay in the custom of killing slaves and captives at the funeral pyres of the deceased.

But it was in Rome during the age of the Cæsars that the passion of the Romans for this amusement rose to its greatest height. The gladiators, usually slaves owned by wealthy Roman nobles, were of various classes.

The Samnites fought with a large oblong shield, a vizard, a plumed helmet, and a short sword. The Retiarius was matched with the Secutor. The former, robed only in a short tunic, endeavored to entangle his fully armed pursuer by adroit manipulation of the cast-net which he carried in his right hand; and if successful he dispatched him with the trident which he carried in his left.

But what means the frenzy of excitement—arms outstretched, fingers closed against the palm, and *thumbs turned down* as the wounded gladiator lifts his forefinger in mute appeal for mercy? It is the murderous shout, the heartless signal denoting that his prayer is rejected and that the victor must dispatch his fallen foe. Hence the Latin phrase “pollice verso”; literally, “thumb-turned.”

“Pollice Verso,” by Jean Leon Gerome,—the famous draftsman who hardly lifts his brush from the canvas until a picture is finished,—was purchased at the Stewart sale, by F. G. Bourne, of Brooklyn, for \$11,000. Gerome has received medals and honors in the Old World, almost beyond enumeration, and many of his pictures are owned in this country; usually purchased at fair prices, as at the sale of the collection of Mrs. Mary J. Morgan—“The Coffee House at Cairo” bringing \$4,800; “The Vase Sellers,” \$4,600; “The Tulip Folly,” \$6,000.





A READING FROM HOMER

L. ALMA-TADEMA

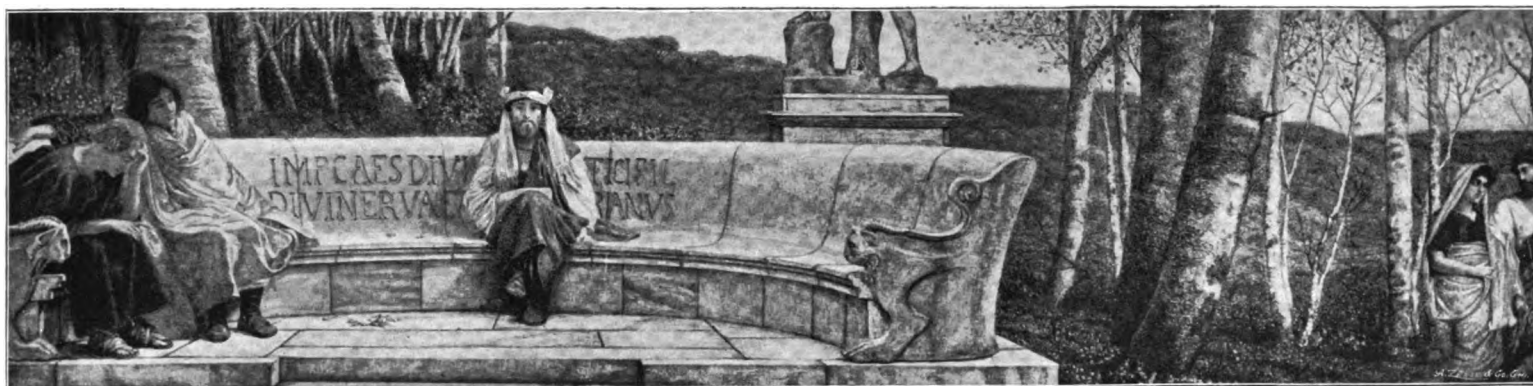
1836—Dutch—

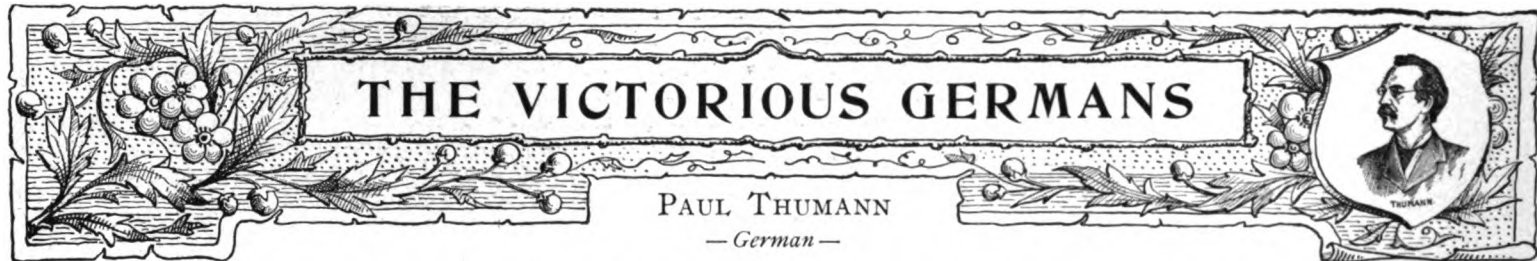
LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found, now green in youth, now withering on the ground: another race the following Spring supplies; they fall successive, and successive rise; so generations in their course decay; so flourish these when those are passed away.”
(*Pope, Iliad VI.*)

The songs of the “Smyranean minstrel” come stealing to us through the darkness of nearly three thousand years like sweet music from an æolian harp, but the facts essential to a definite biography of the singer are veiled in antiquity. He was an Asiatic Greek, born perhaps in Smyrna, B. C., 805. The great works attributed to him embody much of national legends and history. The *Iliad* seems to portray Hellenic history as do the works of Herodotus and Thucydides that of later times. Indeed, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* became the “standard of early history and mythology.” They constituted the Greek Bible. Some Athenians in the time of Socrates could repeat them throughout. It is probable that in this manner they were preserved from oblivion.

Homer excels in epic poetry as Shakspeare does in the drama. His works have been extensively translated. Among the most noted we find in the Italian, “the translations of Cesarotti and Monti; in French, that of Montbel; in German, that of Voss;” in English, those of Pope, Chapman, and Cowper.

Lawrence Alma-Tadema, humbly born in West Friesland, Holland, in 1836, showed talent for drawing at five years of age. In 1852 he began Art-study in the Royal Academy at Antwerp, under the tutelage of Wappers; in 1860, entered the studio of the famous Belgian painter, Baron H. Leys; won the gold medal at Paris Salon in 1864 and 1867; traveled, married, and in 1870 settled in London, where he was elected Royal Academician in 1879. His “Education of the Grandchildren of Clovis” hangs in the palace of the King of Belgium; his “Sappho” is owned by Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore; and the “Reading from Homer” was exhibited at the Columbian Fair.





HEROES there were, both before and after Agamemnon; but among those dear to the popular heart are none dearer to their country than Herrmann the Cheruscan prince and the Deliverer of Fatherland. From the deep woods of North Germany he had gone to Rome for education, and his noble name ("the lord-man") is often softened into the Latin Arminius. But he had returned to his people in the flush of his young manhood, unimpaired in strength of mind or body and with patriotism undimmed. By the opening of the Christian Era the Romans had conquered much Germanic territory, but had not quelled the spirit of rebellion. An insurrection of the North German tribes was organized by Herrmann, who in September, 9 A. D., moved upon Quintilius Varus, the Roman Governor of Germany, in the densely wooded defiles of the Teutoburgh Forest. The decisive action occurred near the present site of Detmold on the Wevra stream, where Varus was skillfully drawn into an ambushade and defeated with such slaughter that the affair is known in history as the Teutoburgh Massacre. The three best legions of the Empire were annihilated, and for long afterwards the Roman Emperor cried in agony, "Give me back my legions!"

The "Return of the Victorious Germans from the Battle of the Teutoburgh Forest" thus lends itself grandly to historical Art, and Professor Thumann has grandly improved his opportunity. The young hero, superbly mounted, rides serenely, the central figure of the triumphal march, while matron and maid, hoary age and wondering childhood, unite to give him praise and welcome. The proud but abased standards of Rome are borne in the column with other trophies; and captives are not wanting.

Paul Thumann is a professor in Berlin, and many of his works have been engraved, as "The Baptism of Wittekind," "Bohemians before a Monastery," "Out of Tune," some fine study-heads, "Psyche at Nature's Mirror" (shown at the Columbian Exposition), and "The Three Fates" and other pieces found in this collection.





NO school of painting has made more rapid progress in artistic development than that of Russia, which, like the Flemish school, is characterized by splendor of color, vivid display of light and shade, and delicate drapery the etherial texture of which is wrought out with a perfection like that of Raphael or Michael Angelo on the ceiling of Cappella Sistina at Rome. In chiaroscuro, requisites, and harmony of color, the Russian artists approach the qualities of the Italian school, as well as in delicacy of touch, contrast of color, and gradation of tints, finding their best Russian exemplification in landscapes and social scenes.

Until quite recently the Russian school was little known or appreciated. It was founded by Losenko in 1759, of which the most distinguished members are,—the landscape painter, Aiazovski; the painters of history, Makofsky, Gay and Flavitski; and the painters of battles, Sterenberg and Repine. The "Russian Marriage Feast," so well and widely known both in Europe and America, attests the skill and marvelous ability of Makofsky, and as a work of art is unsurpassed either in detail of drawing or richness of coloring, while the facial expression is depicted with life-like reality, in perfect accord with the joyous nature of the occasion represented, "Where friendship full exerts her softest power, perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire ineffable, and sympathy of soul; thought meeting thought, and will preventing will; with boundless confidence: for naught but love can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Konstantin Egorovitch Makofsky (or Makhovski), the celebrated historical, genre, and portrait painter of Russia, was pupil at Moscow and at the St. Petersburg Academy, and is justly famous for the "Marriage Feast," "Carnival at St. Petersburg," "Assassination of the Czar," "Peter the Great in His Workshop," "The Holy Carpenter," "Alexander II.," "Family of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna," "The Bride's Attire," "A Bacchanal," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Portrait of a Lady"; the last four exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.





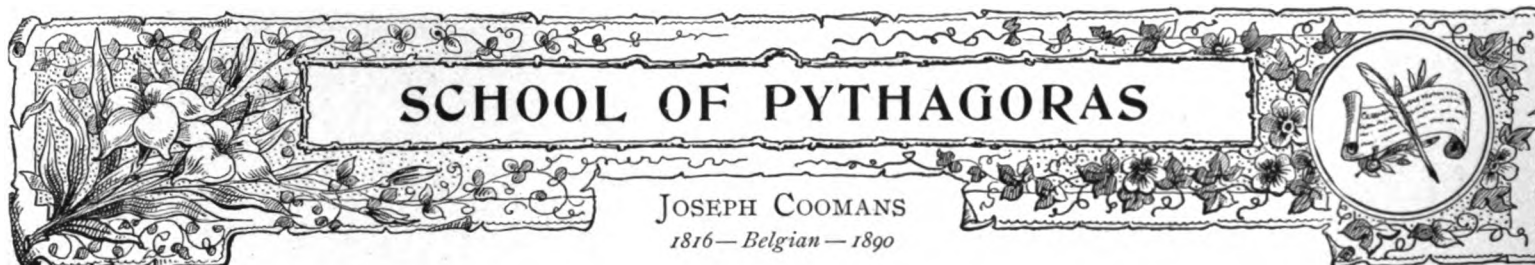
DE QUINCY'S pointed pencil outlines the Roman Empire as "that imperial dignity, which having once perished could have no second existence, and which was undoubtedly the sublimest incarnation of power, and a monument the mightiest of greatness built by human hands, which upon this planet has been suffered to appear." And it is a study worthy of attention to delve into the annals of the birth and infancy of "Rome, that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world."

The Romulus of history is a far different character from the Romulus of fable. He was in truth a bandit chief, who built (B. C. 750) that famous "Asylum" to which any might flee who had shed blood, who were driven from their homes by enemies, and even men of low degree, who had run away from their lords. Thus the city was filled with everything but women, and as the nations round about would not give their daughters in marriage to fugitives and assassins, Romulus announced a great festival, with sports and games, and the neighboring nations came,—the people of Cænina, Crustumerium, and Antemna, and a great multitude of the Sabines, with their wives and daughters. But while they were viewing the games Romulus and his followers rushed in and carried off the women.

Very properly the nations made war, and succeeded in occupying Capitoline Hill, which, when Romulus endeavored to regain, the Sabine wives of the Romans placed themselves between the contending forces and stayed the battle by holding aloft their children in sight of fathers and brothers on one side, and husbands on the other.

Jacques Louis David, founder of the classic school of Art in France, and the greatest painter during the reign of Napoleon I. (1769–1821), executed this picture while imprisoned for a political offense, six years being required for its completion.

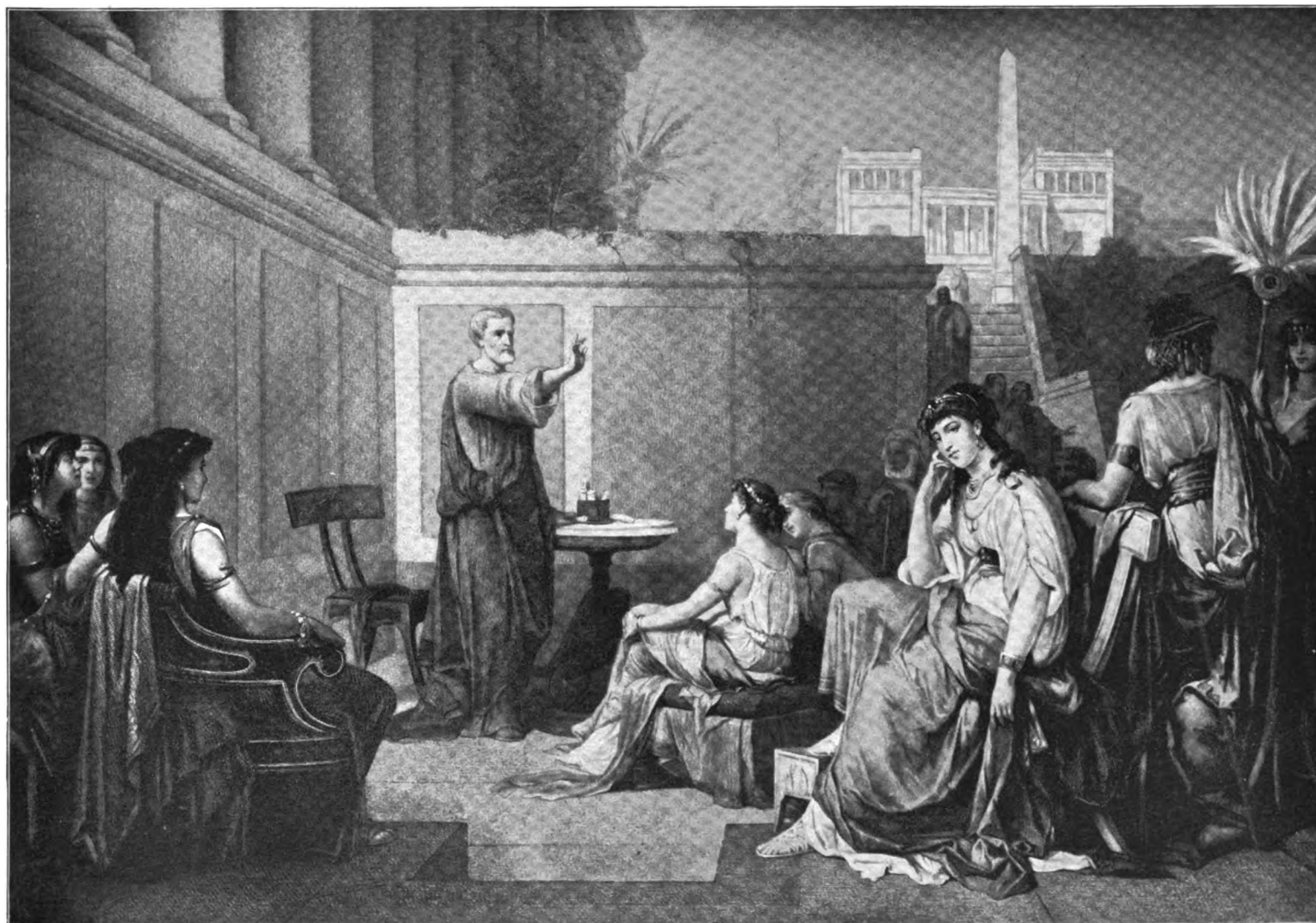


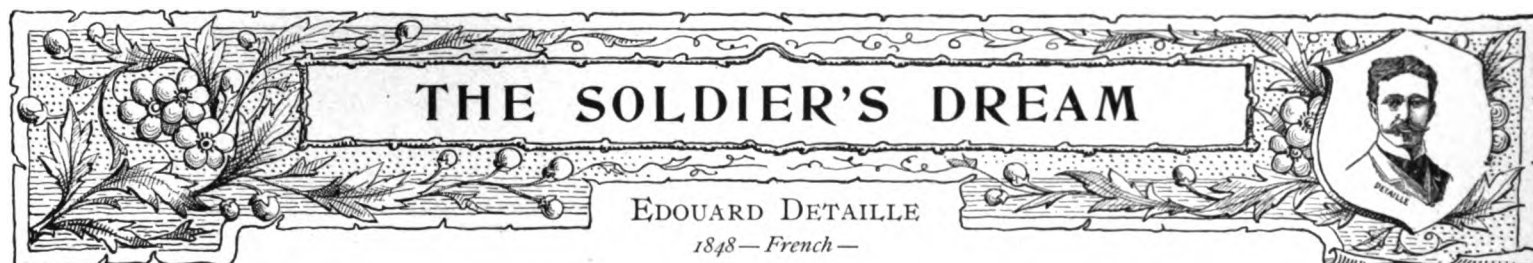


OF all men "Pythagoras was the most assiduous inquirer," says Heraclitus. This illustrious propounder of knowledge, to whom is due the honor of having raised mathematics to the rank of a science, lived and flourished in the sixth century before Christ. "Animated not merely by the philosophical thirst for knowledge, but also by the enthusiasm of an ethico-religious reformer, he became, centuries after his death, the ideal hero or saint of those who grafted a mystical religious ascetism on the doctrines of Plato." He was supposed to possess supernatural powers. One of the principal means of acquiring knowledge at that time was by traveling, and although nothing definite is known with regard to the life-history of Pythagoras, we may conclude with certainty that he visited Egypt and other countries of the Mediterranean, for the old Egyptian systems of thought are apparent in his philosophy.

The career of Pythagoras attained historical importance when he, about 529 B. C., moved to Crotona, one of the Dorian colonies of southern Italy. Here he speedily became the center of a widespread and influential organization which seems to have been an association for the moral reformation of society more than a philosophical school. This object they tried to attain by advocating and practicing abstinence and hardihood along with certain religious rules for the formation of character, but the school finally became entangled with politics, which was fatal to its existence, and the Pythagoreans were exiled and their institutions destroyed. "Could they have been united in a powerful federation by the aid of some political or religious bond, they might have exerted a singular influence on the rising fortunes of Rome, and thereby on humanity."

One chief characteristic of the work of Pythagoras was the combination of arithmetic with algebra. He thus supplied a method which is common to all branches, and is fully comparable to Descartes, to whom we owe the decisive combination of algebra with geometry.

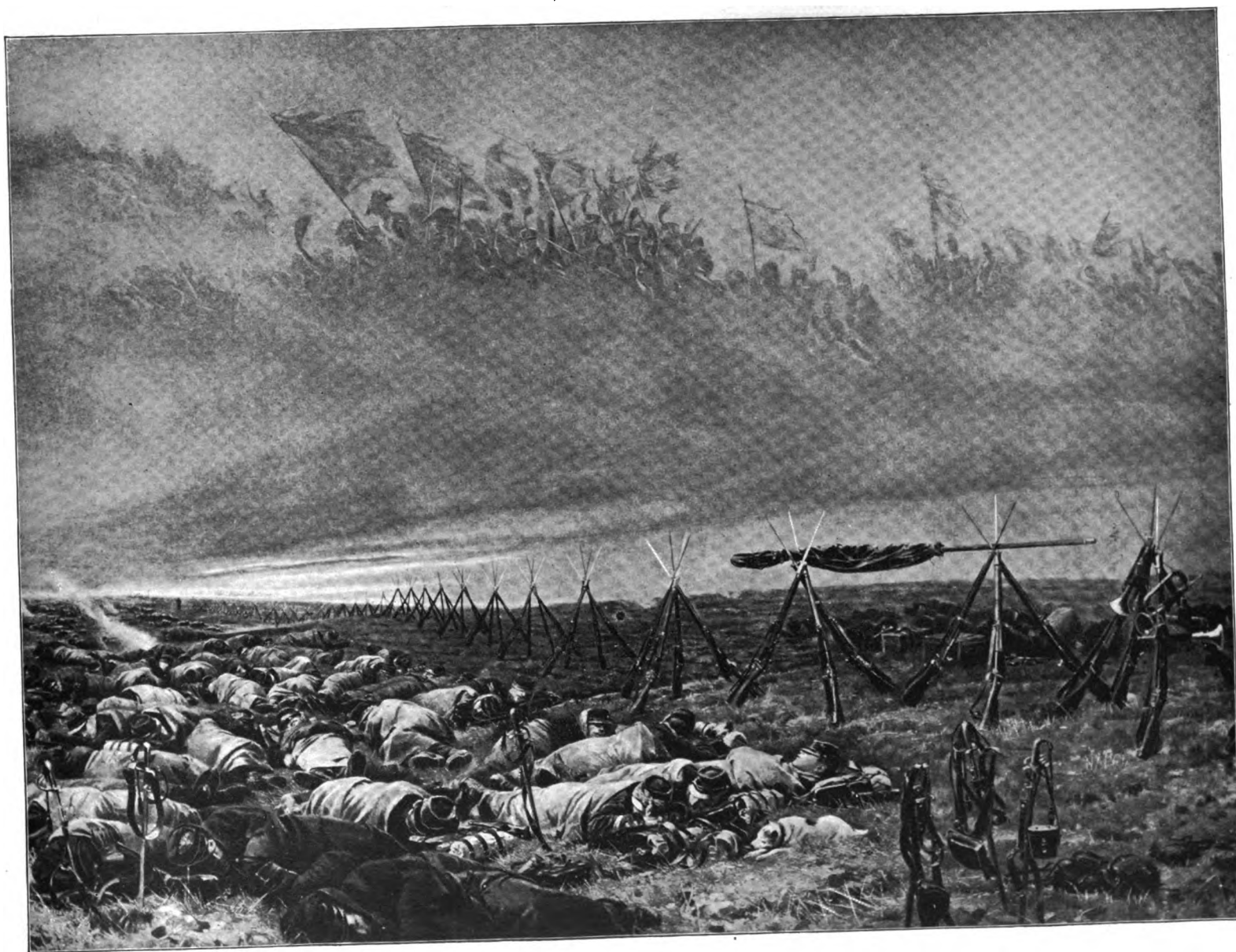


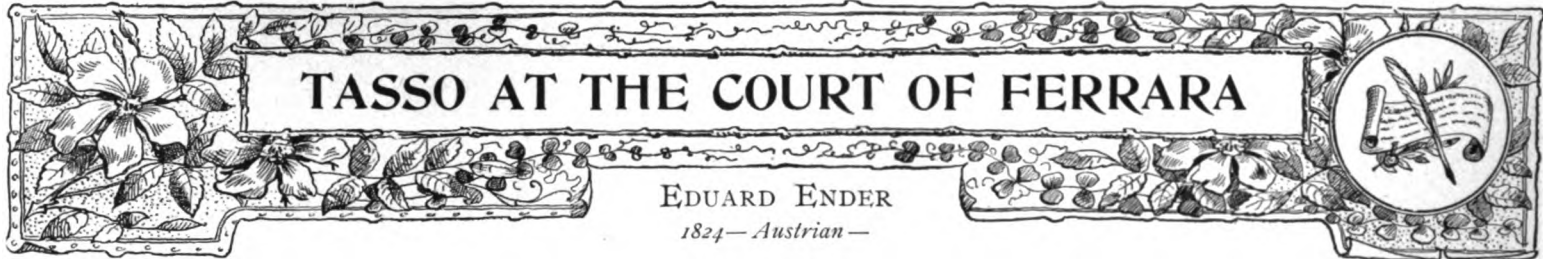


MDETAILLE is probably the finest military and battle-painter France has enjoyed since Horace Vernet. A pupil of Meissonier, he is noted for similar care, elaboration, and fineness of detail, and for peculiarly sympathetic treatment. He was private secretary to one of the French generals during the Franco-German war, and had thus excellent opportunity to accumulate materials for his subsequent artistic work. Shortly afterwards, in 1872, his Salon picture of "The Conqueror" won him a medal.

The remarkable picture here presented—which was exhibited in the 1888 Salon, and is now in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris—bears the title of Thomas Campbell's celebrated poem; but the theme is not the same, for the poet's soldier dreams of home, while in the conception of the great artist his vision is still of battle and of blood. So strongly do thoughts of the certain tomorrow press upon the soul of the warrior as he rests upon the field in bivouac behind his guns, that its scenes are vividly present to him. Again the bannered host in "battle's magnificently stern array"; again the "pomp and circumstance of glorious War"; again the charging column, the wild rush, the desperate encounter, the "fierce joy of battle" (the *gaudium certaminis* of the terrible Roman), followed by the thrill of victory or the depressing dash of repulse.

Gallant and grand is it all, but how many for it must sleep the next night "the sleep that knows no waking"! Better far the noble vision of Tennyson, when he "saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales; heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew from the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue; far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm, with the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm; till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."





THIS illustrious Italian poet of the latter half of the sixteenth century ranked with Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto. In early childhood his intellect and religious fervor attracted general admiration. At eight he had already become famous, but his parents met with serious misfortunes which well-nigh excluded young Torquato from the congenial sphere of society or occupation outside the courts of petty ecclesiastical and secular princes. When, therefore, an opening at Court Urbino offered, the father gladly accepted it.

Here the young Tasso, a handsome and brilliant lad, grew up in an atmosphere of refined luxury and somewhat pedantic criticism, both of which gave tone to his character.

In 1565 Tasso set foot in the Castle of Ferrara, when he, as a well-bred gentleman and accustomed to the society of the great and learned, and famous by his works in prose and verse, became the idol of the most brilliant court in Italy.

Among Tasso's best productions may be mentioned *Aminto* a pastoral drama of simple plot, but of exquisite lyrical charm, and *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The sentiment of the former well suited the spirit of its age, and its influence, in opera and cantata, was felt through two successive centuries. Sentiment gives value to what is immortal in *Gerusalemme*. This sentiment, concordant with the growing feeling for woman and with the ascendant art of music, breathes touchingly throughout its episodes.

In his later years Tasso became the prey of jealous courtiers' malevolence, and on account of his petulant and jealous disposition was a misery to himself and an anxiety to his patrons and friends. He became brain-sick and out of joint with the world, and finally died in 1595, at the age of fifty-one.

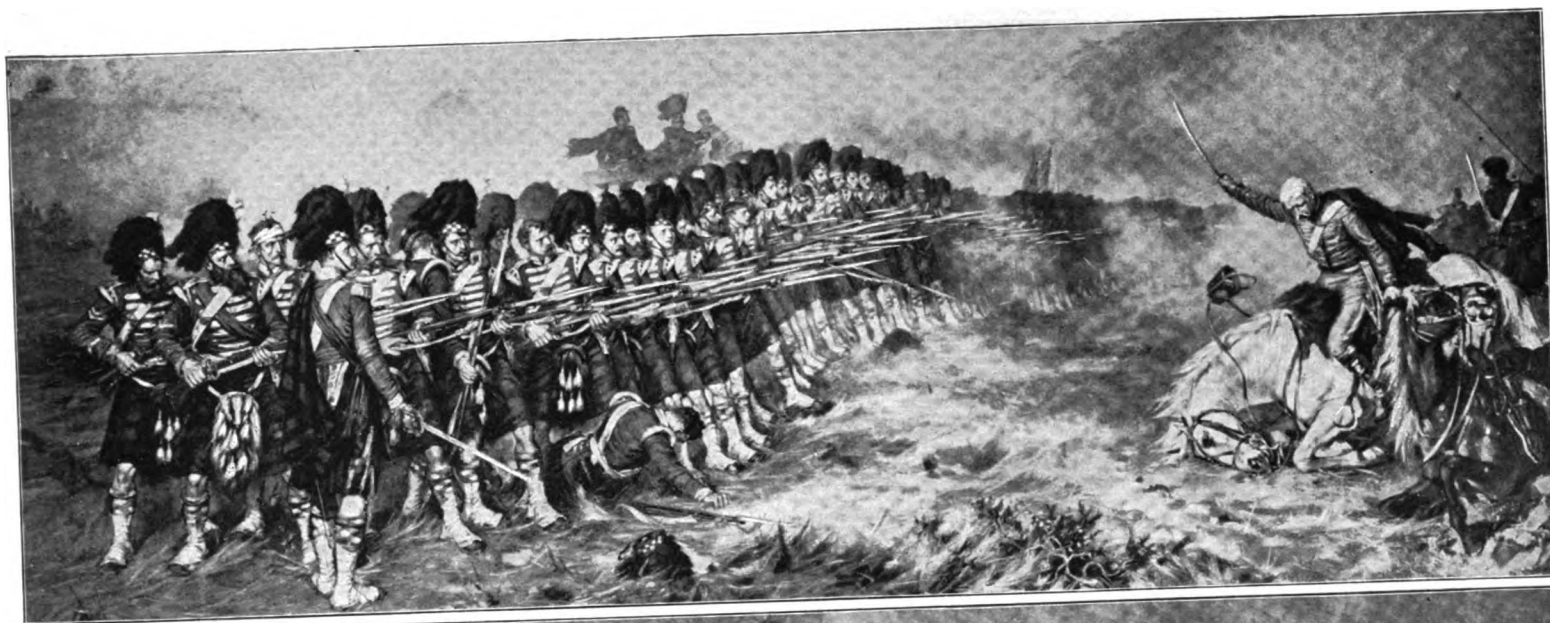
Ender, a pupil of Wallenstein and Seni, is an historical painter, noted for this and other pieces of like character, as "Shakspeare Reading Macbeth at the Court of Elizabeth," "Emperor Joseph II. Meeting Mozart," "Schiller at the Court of Weimar," "Rembrandt in his Studio," etc.





THE one picture that has given Robert Gibb vogue in the Art-world is "The Thin Red Line," representing the Ninety-third Highlanders standing "like a stone wall" to receive the charge of the Russian cavalry at Balaklava. The horse of the Muscovite general falls almost at the moment of contact with the bayonets of the infantry. The long though thin line of defenders is skillfully relieved by the simple device of a gentle change of level in the surface whereon they stand. A popular theme and capable treatment combine to give this painting just fame.

The gem in the British Section of the Art Exhibit of the World's Columbian Exposition was held by many visitors to be "The Roll-call," by Elizabeth Thompson-Butler, and no one who saw that masterpiece can fail of interest in the also-famous "Scotland Forever!" It represents the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, with their inspiring war-cry, and is considered one of the greatest battle-pictures of Art-history. A woman has seldom manifested the power of Lady Butler to handle such difficult themes, and the wonder in her case is the greater, since she is of gentle blood, reared under the most refining and pacific influences, and was still young when driven to her distinctive work by the impulse of her genius. Other celebrated pieces of hers are "Quatre Bras," "Balaklava," and "The Return from Inkermann," which sold for \$15,000; and although she is now the wife of Major-General Butler of the British Army and a lady of title she has not ceased her service to Art, her large painting, "The Camel Corps," being among the contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1893 which have enjoyed the honor of engraving for the "Notes." Of her "Quatre Bras" Mr. Ruskin, prejudiced as he is against woman's work in painting, was compelled to say it is "the first fine Preraphaelite picture we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty."

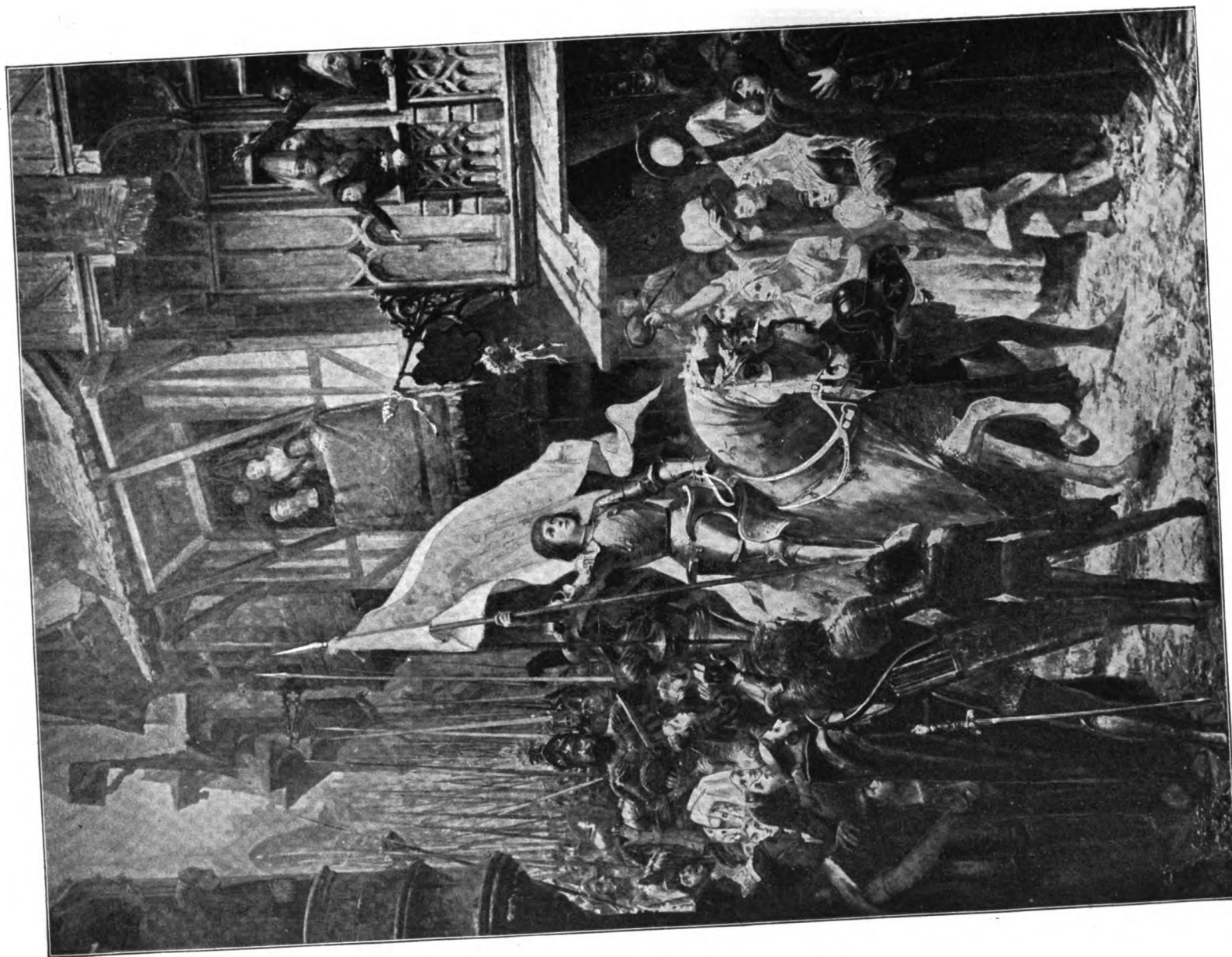




IN all the annals of national history can be found no feminine character in which the greatness of a warrior-mind appears so beautifully blended with the gentleness and modesty of the fairer sex as in her whom the English-speaking world know as Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," born in the year 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, in Lorraine, France. Her parents were poor but religious, and at the knee of her mother were implanted in her heart the seeds of that exalted enthusiasm which in more mature years so completely molded her character.

During the early years of her maidenhood the fair vineyards and fields of France were drenched with the blood of civil strife. The rival factions which in arms struggled fiercely for the supremacy, were the Orleanists, or Armagnacs, and the Burgundians. The former supported the claims of Charles VII., while the latter had sworn allegiance to Henry V. of England. Joan was a devoted Orleanist.

At the age of thirteen, the humble village in which she resided was startled by her announcement that she had received a revelation from Heaven, telling her that she was to liberate her afflicted country. In 1429 she went to Chinon and appeared in the presence of her sovereign, informing him that her mission was to raise the siege of Orleans, the last place of importance remaining in his possession, and then to conduct him to Rheims to be crowned. True to her word, Orleans was relieved, and at the head of the troops of Charles VII. she waved his banners in victory on the fields of Jargeau and Patay. Charles was crowned at Rheims. The Orleanists were everywhere victorious. But alas for France, for soon Joan was captured by the English, who in the month of May, 1431, burned her at the stake as a sorceress. In the midst of the flames her face lighted with a radiant smile while she affirmed, "The voices have not deceived me, Jesus is my Lord." She has recently been "sainted" by the Pope, although formerly considered a heretic.





NO nation of antiquity has such honor been bestowed upon conquering heroes as by the ancient Greeks. When the returning ships were seen in the offing, the Grecian women, decked in gala attire, prepared to welcome their husbands, friends, and lovers. Branches of laurel strewed the roads; boquets of sweetest-scented flowers were lavishly flung beneath the feet of men and horses; while loving hands twined the necks and limbs of battle-scarred veterans with garlands of many-hued blossoms. In later days these entries developed into the Roman "Triumph," of which Thomson gives the following vivid description: "Foremost in the procession went musicians of various kinds, singing and playing triumphal songs. Next were led the oxen to be sacrificed, having their horns gilt, and their heads adorned with garlands. Then in carriages were brought the spoils taken from the enemy, statues, pictures, plate, armor, gold and silver. Captive princes and generals, followed in chains. After them came the victors, wreathed with laurel, followed by a great company of musicians and dancers, in the midst of whom was one in female dress, whose business it was to insult the vanquished. Next followed a long train of persons carrying perfumes. Then came the victorious general, dressed in purple, embroidered with gold. He stood in a gilded chariot, adorned with ivory, and drawn by four white horses, and that he might not be too much elated, a slave, carrying a golden crown, sparkling with gems, stood behind him, and frequently whispered in his ear, 'Remember that thou art a man!'" Next came consuls, senators, tribunes, and last the victorious army, the citizens shouting as they passed, "To Triumphe!"

Ferdinand Cormon, born in Paris, was pupil of Cabanel, Portaels, and Fromentin. In the Salon of 1873 he received a medal of the second-class; in 1875, the grand prize at the Salon; and in 1878 exhibited the "Death of Ravenna," at the Paris International Exhibition. The "Return of the Victorious Greeks from the Battle of Salamis" hangs in the Luxembourg Museum, in Paris, and commemorates the great naval battle between the Greeks and the Persians, fought B. C. 480, off the coast of Attica, near the island Salamis, where was stationed the Grecian fleet of 360 vessels. The ships of the defeated Xerxes numbered 1,000.

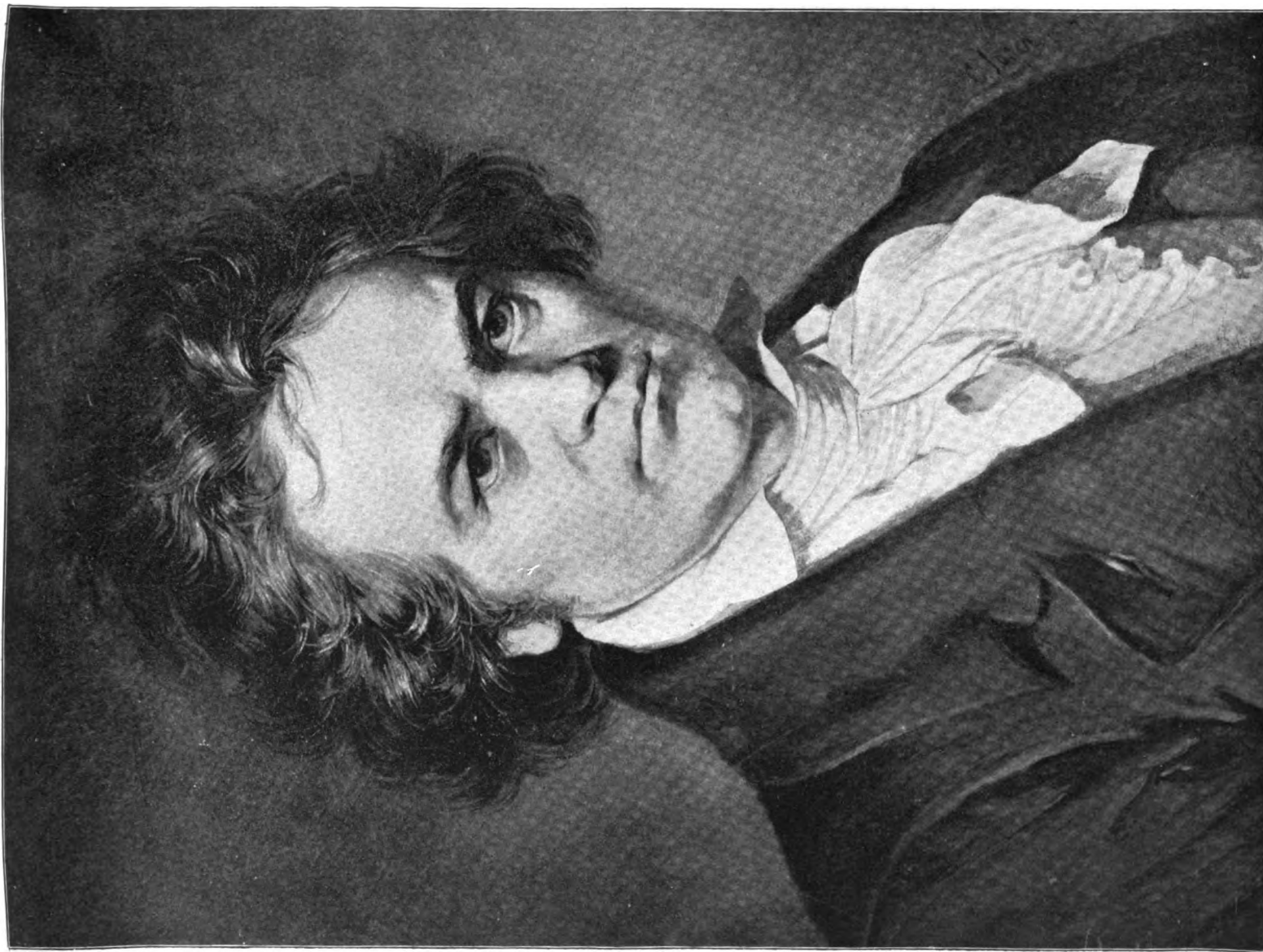


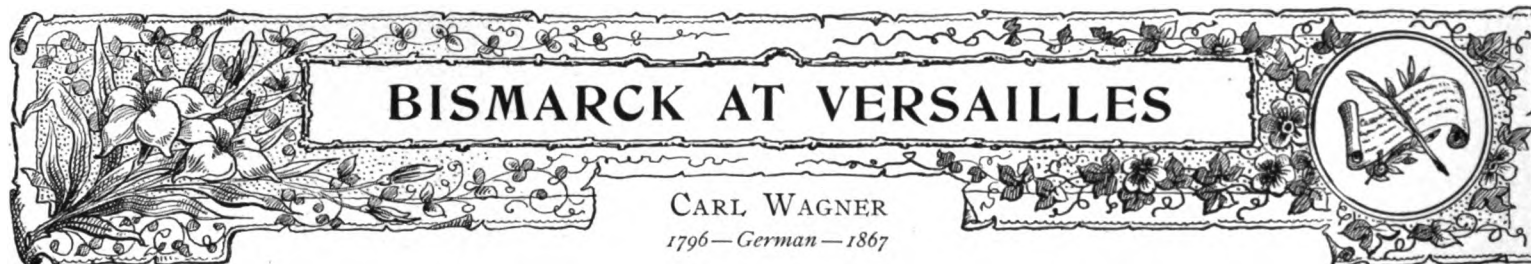


LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN was born in Bonn on the 17th of December, 1770. His father was celebrated as a tenor singer, but was intemperate in habits and wretchedly poor. Ludwig's musical education was begun very early, with a view to making him a profitable musical prodigy, and when but seven years of age he made his first appearance before the crowned heads of Europe. When seventeen years old he visited Vienna and formed the acquaintance of Mozart, who predicted for Beethoven a brilliant future. Subsequently he became a pupil of Haydn, but not until 1795 did Beethoven begin his public career, nor had the golden age of music in Vienna passed away when he came to that city. Not the court alone but the wealthy nobility and the great circles of the cultured found in music the very soul of their intellectual life and of a nobler existence, more attention being paid to chamber music than any other. Accordingly we find that the greater number of Beethoven's compositions written at this period are of the style best adapted to the home and choir.

In 1800 Beethoven became deaf, which was to him a most terrible affliction. This calamity finally compelled him to abandon all public efforts, and he gave himself wholly to composition, his grand works being produced after this time. Nine great symphonies remain as the chief monuments of his genius. Masses, cantatas, and many other works, all speak of the immortal greatness of this "Wonder of the Age," whose passionate nature exceeded that of most musicians for essential nobility and high religious emotions, indicating that he habitually lived in consciousness of the Divine presence, and was to a great degree influenced by that holy inspiration born of meditating the character and works of the Eternal.

Beethoven died March 26, 1827. "No mourning wife, no son or daughter wept at his grave, but a world wept." At Vienna a simple stone marks his resting place, with the one word BEETHOVEN.

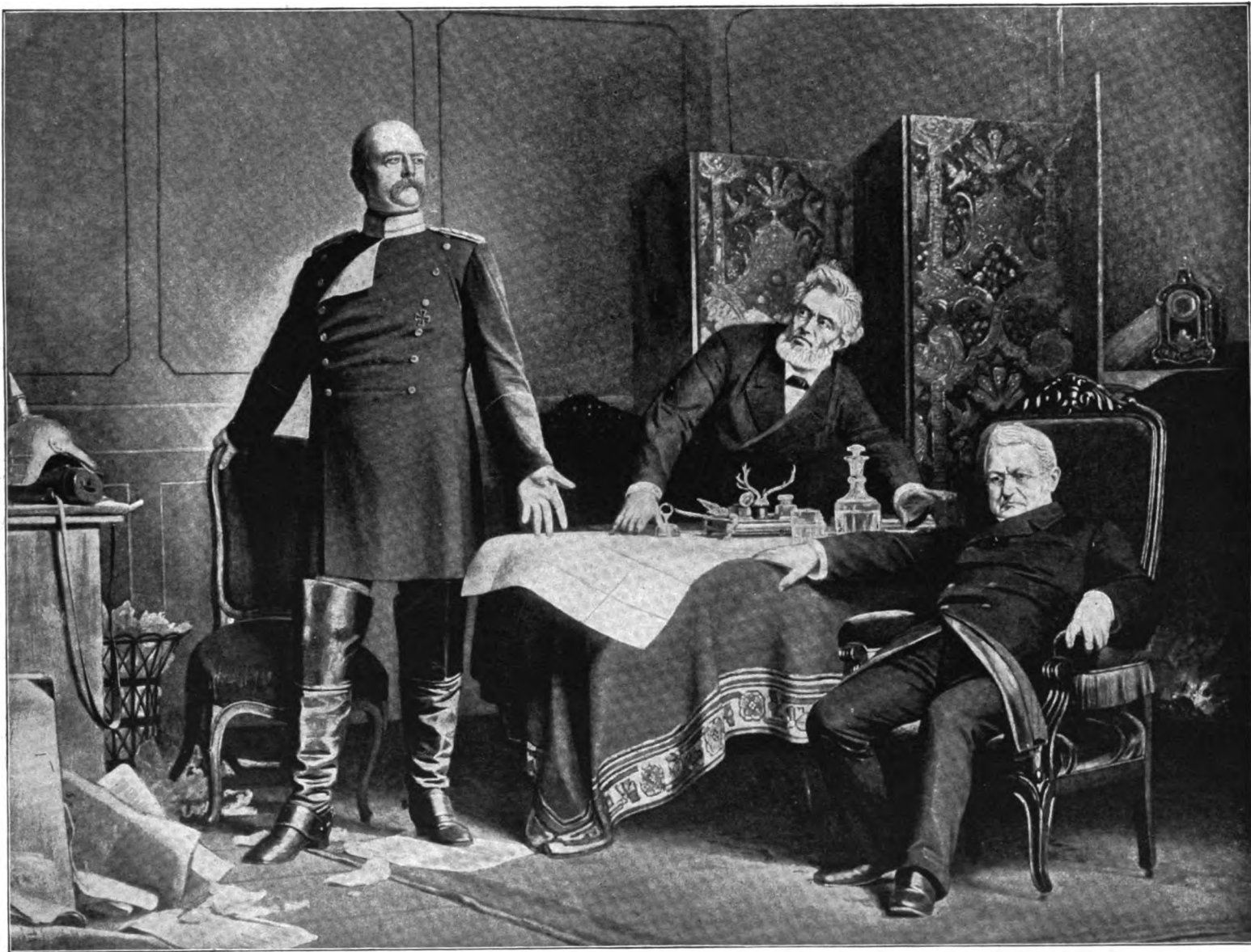




NOT to be compared with any hero of antiquity is Bismarck, for he presents rather a contrast than a likeness to the Greek or Roman statesmen. They sought the glory of the Agora or the Forum; while Bismarck ignored or spurned the petty honors that idle pomp so readily bestows upon those whose deeds of valor and intrepidity of character call them to act as leaders in time of national peril.

In that memorable period of European history when victory after victory crowned the efforts of the Prussian armies at Metz and Sedan, and when after a few short months the grand headquarters of the Prussian King were located in Versailles, then it was that the French came to view Bismarck as a conqueror; and in the city of Louis XIV., which with its sunny chateau and proud device, *Nec pluribus impar!* had been for generations the center of all the "glories of fair France," here it was that Count Bismarck received his French negotiators as well as the diplomatists of almost all the nations of Europe, and the tall and noble form of the mighty Chancellor with massive forehead like carved marble soon became familiar to every one in Versailles. The aged Thiers went from court to court with his appeals for assistance to the French nation in this their hour of extremity, while the brave and undaunted Gambetta, with all his revolutionary energy, sought to save the nation. Thus matters stood until, driven to desperation by defeat after defeat, the French Government at Tours resolved to negotiate. Several unsatisfactory conferences were held; the siege of Paris followed; and on the 18th of January, 1871, the Proclamation from the German Empire was read by Bismarck, the Knight of the Kingdom.

The moment chosen by the Court Painter is when Bismarck dictates terms of peace to President Adolphe Thiers and Jules Favre after the siege of Paris, and refuses to yield back the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

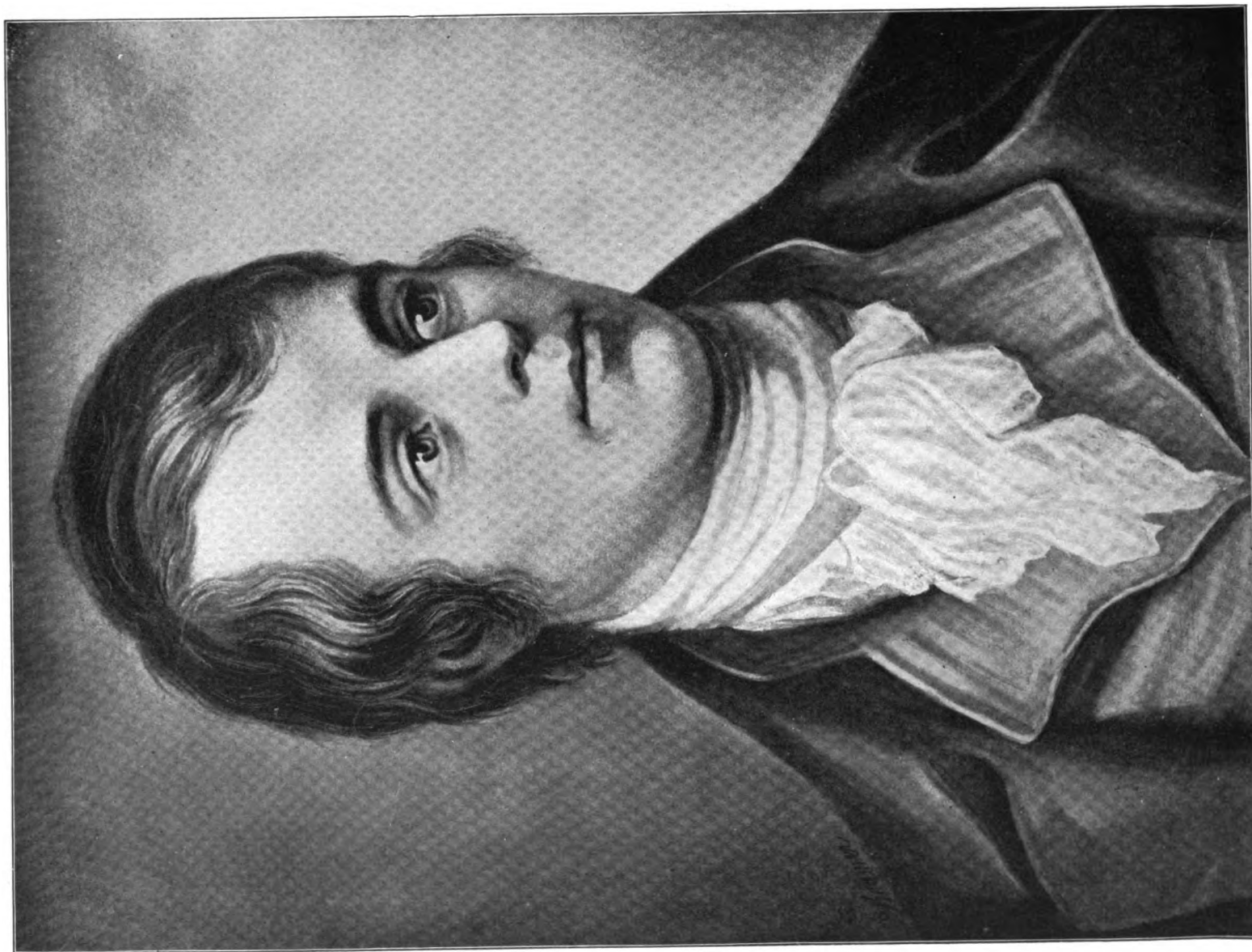




THE world can never tire of the name and fame of the Bard of Ayrshire. Never will it cease to contemplate with eager interest and profit the life he lived, the writings he left, his likeness "in his habit as he lived," of which the artist has given an admirable presentment.

Robert Burns was a native of the country near Ayr, born January 25, 1759, to the hard labors of a Scottish farm, in a family so poor that it had no servant and ate no meat for years. His father was a thoughtful, intense, and fairly intelligent peasant; but it is hard to tell whence the boy had his spark of genius unless it was directly God-given. To his sixteenth year he says he lived in "the cheerless gloom of a hermit and the unceasing toil of a galley-slave"; but with some schooling and much reading came the awakening of his power and ambition "that I for poor auld Scotland's sake some useful plan or book could make, or sing a sang at least." His earlier poems were largely composed at the plough-tail, and he was twenty-seven when his first book was printed. The initial edition gave him but \$100, but brought him literary and social recognition, and prepared him that career as poet, exciseman, and farmer, which ended in his untimely death July 21, 1796, when he was but thirty-seven years of age.

But what a rich legacy Burns left to English literature from his short life of intense action! His "Auld Lang Syne," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Author's Prayer," and a hundred more, the lovers of the poetry of humanity can not willingly let die. He fills our speech with apt quotations, and the pages of this volume testify to their permanent value. He and they are on the bead-roll of the Immortals, and his portrait should likewise never fade from human memory. Let charity cover his failings as we would have it veil our own.





THE following poem entitled "The Prophecy," occupying three consecutive pages in this work, is a finished production of William A. Crofut, of Washington, D. C., and was read at the opening services of the World's Columbian Fair, by order of the Commission. The allegory purports to be a conversation occurring on the deck of the Santa Maria, between Columbus and Martin Pinzon, who commanded the Pinta, and tells the old story in a new and fascinating way:

Sadly Columbus watched the nascent moon drown in the gloomy ocean's western deeps. Strange birds that day had fluttered in the sails and orange flowers floated round the wandering keel, and yet no land. And now, when thro' the dark the Santa Maria leaped before the gale, and angry billows tossed the caravels as to destruction, Gomez Rascon came with Captain Pinzon thro' the frenzied seas, and to the admiral brought a parchment scroll, saying, "Good master, read this writing here—an earnest prayer it is from all on board. The crew would fain turn back in utter fear. No longer to the pole the compass points; into the zenith creeps the northern star. You saw but yesterday an albatross drop dead on deck beneath the flying scud. The devil's wind blows madly from the east into the Land of Nowhere, and the sea keeps sucking us adown the maelstrom's maw. Francisco says the edge of earth is near, and off to Erebus we slide unhelmed. Last Sunday night Diego saw a witch dragging the Nina by her forechains west and mildly dancing on a dolphin's back, and, as she danced, the brightest star in heaven slipped from its leash and sprang into the sea, like Lucifer, and left a trail of blood. I pray thee, master, turn again to Spain, obedient to the omens, or, perchance, the terror-stricken crew, to escape their doom may mutiny and——" "Gomez Rascon, peace," exclaimed the admiral. "Thou hast said enough. Now, prithee, leave me. I would be alone."



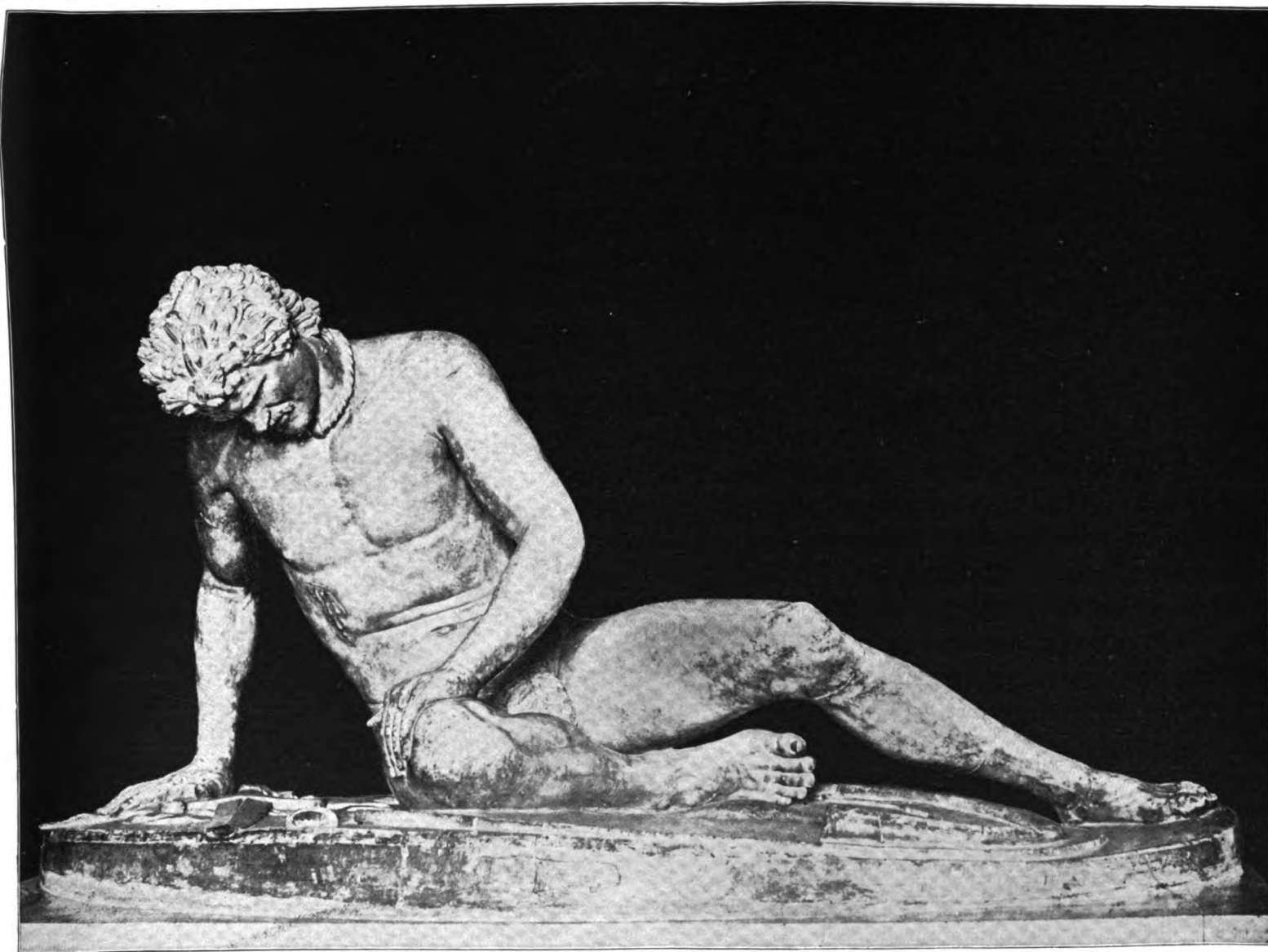


THERE is in us by creation an admiration of Art, and by implanting this capacity the Creator has declared his design that it should be cultured as a source of happiness and an aid in attaining a pure and ennobling character.

Perhaps no work of Art appeals more strongly to our admiration and sympathies than that of the "Dying Gaul," which is found in the Capitol at Rome. This statue of antiquity represents a real and not an ideal scene. The figure is anatomically a model, and no language is adequate to convey a just conception of the life-like expression depicted in every line. The truly pathetic is here strangely blended with the bold strength of the heroic.

No more appropriate and eloquent description of this grand old work of an unknown sculptor of antiquity was ever penned or spoken than is embodied in these lines by Lord Byron: "I see before me the Gladiator lie; he leans upon his hand—his manly brow consents to death, but conquers agony. And his droop'd head sinks gradually low, and through his side the last drops, ebbing slow from the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, like the first of a thunder shower; and now the Arena swims around him—he is gone, ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won. He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away; he reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize, but where his rude hut by the Danube lay, there were his young barbarians all at play, there was their Dacian mother,—he their sire butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,—all this rush'd with his blood. Shall he expire? and unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire."

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam, and here, where buzzing nations choked the ways and roared or murmured like a mountain stream dashing or winding as its torrent strays,—here, where the Roman millions blame or praise, was death or life the plaything of the crowd.





SLAVERY has been a feature of human society in all recorded ages. Distinct traces of it are found upon the inscribed monuments in the valley of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, as well as in their legends and traditions. The ancient Egyptians and East Indians, and the Orientals generally of earlier and later dates, enslaved their captives taken in war. Sometimes among these was found a man of superior abilities, capable of large performance, as Æsop the Greek fabulist. In Rome the master had originally the power of life and death over the slave; and sometimes a large number of slaves in a household were massacred, upon knowledge or suspicion of conspiracy, murder, or other high crime.

In Mohammedan countries, where almost alone human slavery lingers, the lot of the bondman in some respects is mitigated. The system there is rather a slavery of the household than of the field. Often the slave is regarded as one of the family in all kindness and affection. Consideration for him is enjoined by the Koran, which also encourages the master—generally in vain—to set the captive free. If the child of a slave-girl is also the child of her master, it is free-born; and the boon of freedom commonly includes the mother, who is also raised to wifehood in the harem of her former master.

One of the pretty odalisques from the seraglio, doubtless, is represented by the accompanying beautiful portrait and model study-head which the art-world owes to the genius of Herr Sichel. This admirable German painter, of Berlin, now in his artistic prime, may be considered a specialist in Oriental types of beauty, which he loves to paint and which he, first of all German artists, made familiar to his people. In this representation of Turandot, the Egyptian Slave,—a recent improvement over a similar painting of some years ago,—Sichel has given us a charming face and form, possessed of more than merely sensuous beauty. “Medea,” “Sappho,” “Almee,” “Pompeian Girl,” “Fellah Woman,” and “The Favorite,”—the first three named being in this collection,—are characteristic of his style of painting.



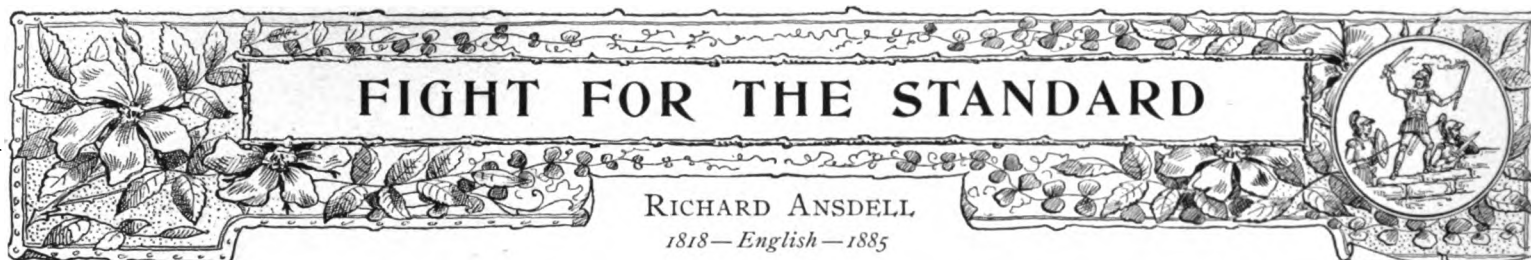


ECLINING in colossal grandeur beneath the vaulted arches of the Vatican, is a mighty statue of antiquity, which was discovered about three hundred years ago by some workmen while making excavations in the city of Rome. The reclining figure leans against a sphinx just as the river in reality flows before the monster. One hand supports a cornucopia, a fitting emblem of the fertility of the Nile valley, caused by the annual overflow of the river. The other hand holds a sheaf of grain; and disporting

over shoulders, arms, and limbs are sixteen infantile figures representing the sixteen cubits of the annual rise of the stream. Nothing could be more graceful, more fluid than these diminutive creatures playing around this gigantic body; nothing could better express the fullness, the calm repose, the indefinable and almost divine life of a river.

It is not strange that the ancients deified the Nile, for without the alluvial deposit caused by the annual overflow the land of Egypt would have been a barren desert. Its soil consists entirely of deposits from the river. The triangle of the Delta marks the site of the ancient mouth of the stream; and though the land has encroached upon the sea but slightly since the age of the Pharaohs, its elevation has year by year been slowly increasing. The heated deserts on either side absorb all the moisture from the atmosphere, and almost wholly prevent rainfall. It is consequently where the waters extend during inundations, or where it can be dispersed by artificial irrigation, that cultivation and settled life are possible. Hence Egypt may truthfully be regarded as the gift of "Old Father Nile," whom they worship with sincere devotion, believing that along its sacred banks and amid the fertile harvest fields the god Osirus delighted to wander, scattering his beams of light upon this favored people, and that the spirits of departed friends were permitted to drink of the waters and "sit on the bank of the stream that floweth in stillness by."



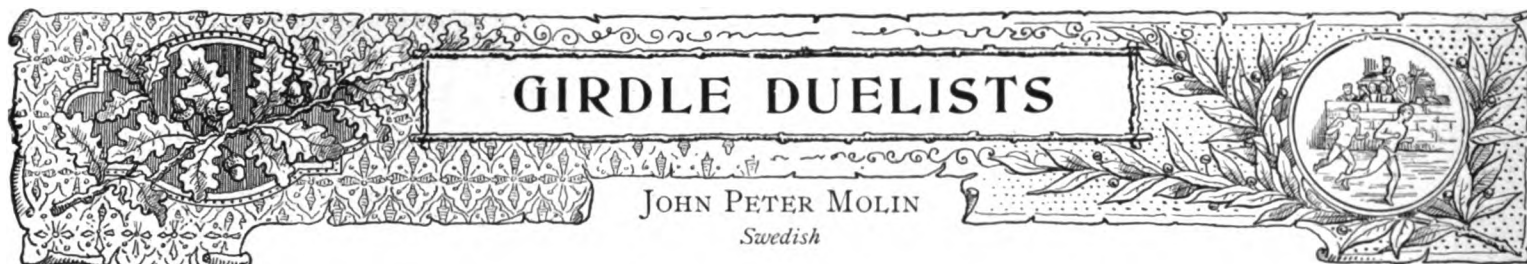


THEIR "swords are rust, their good steeds dust, but their souls are with the saints, we trust." No other position in the ranks of soldiership is so eagerly sought after as that of standard-bearer, trebly dangerous though it be. The warrior never shoulders gun or draws sword more gladly and resolutely than in defense of his flag. And what ensign ever moved man to braver deeds than that which bore the magic name of Napoleon, the Little Corporal and the Emperor? "His was the monarch mind, the mystery of commanding, the birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon, of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding the hearts of millions till they moved as one." For him, even more than for France, how many, many thousands in absolute devotion rushed willingly to bloody death!

In Ansdell's soul-stirring picture two of the finest representatives of opposed armies join in desperate battle for the possession of the Napoleonic standard. The one is a subaltern officer, armed with sword alone; the other a man of the ranks, equipped with blade and carbine; yet in this supreme moment they have the faces of kings. What superb action of horse and man! The amateur artist will look long to find a better equestrian study. Alas! the fatal stroke is full soon delivered. His sword stricken from his hand, his guard gone, the would-be captor of the standard dies by the thrust through the neck, even as the gallant Burnaby perished by an Arab spear in the Valley of the Nile. The Napoleonic charm dominates once more; but it fails by and by. There follow Waterloo, St. Helena, Azrael the Death-angel.

Ansdell ranks next after Landseer as a British animal-painter; and more than the great master he associates human figures with his animals, as in this instance. "The Stag at Bay" and "The Combat" are other celebrated paintings by this artist, who was a member of the London Royal Academy.





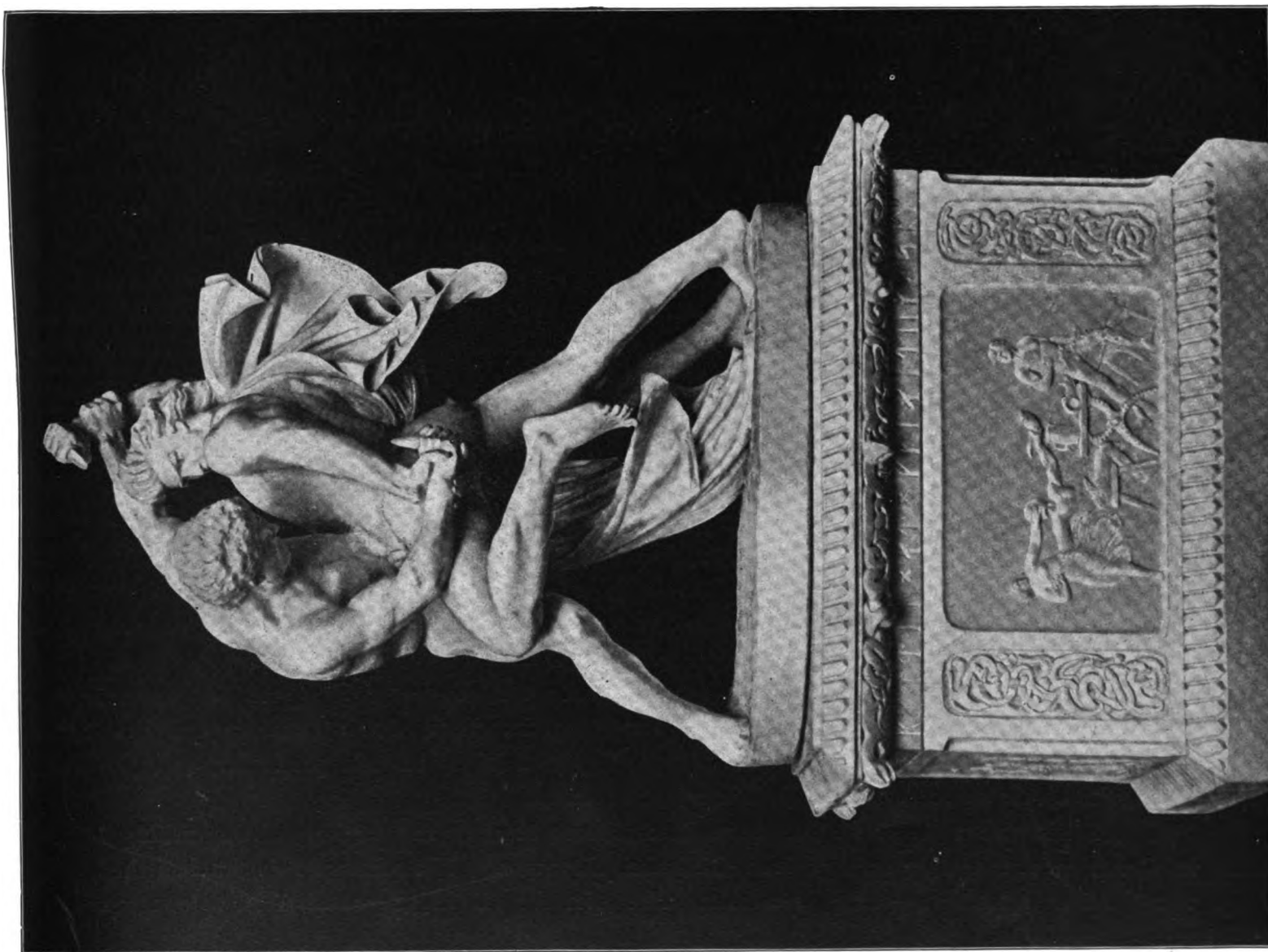
CULPTURE, of all the arts, requires the most scrupulous finish, and is scarcely to be regarded as artistic except when of the highest order. Not so in painting, as beauty of color and harmonious contrasts often atone for glaring defects of design, even for distortions, if they do not hold a too conspicuous place in the picture.

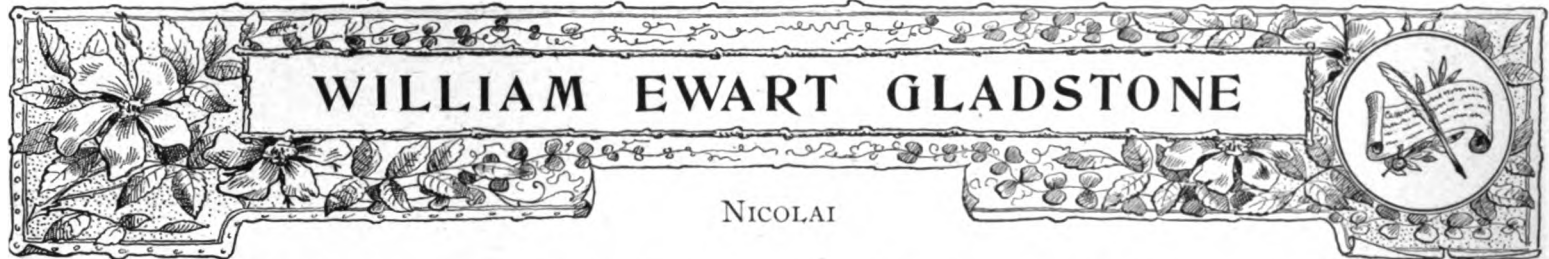
But in sculpture, where simplicity is the characteristic feature, the slightest error of symmetry, pose, expression, or finish is noticed at once. For representation of perfect quietude, or of serene and calm grandeur, or the heroism of action, sculpture is of all the arts the most eloquent in praise of its own excellence and the most unfeeling in criticism of its own faults.

In the Museum of Stockholm, that "Venice of the North," are found the figures known as the "Girdle Duelists" or "Belt Bucklers," by the eminent Swedish sculptor, John Peter Molin. The subject treated was taken from Swedish history. In the early days it was customary at the annual public gatherings for the men to engage in various athletic contests and feats of strength and skill. Wrestling and boxing and fencing were most commonly practiced.

However, they did not always keep within bounds of the innocent and harmless. When a controversy had arisen between two men, one of them might challenge the other to "buckle belts"; which were then fastened around the waists of both, thus binding them together. Each combatant then had a right to hold with his left hand the right wrist of his opponent, and the fierce struggle for mastery commenced, each one being armed with a short knife.

Molin's group most vividly represents a critical moment in one of these fierce fights for life, as revealed by the strained muscles and the expression of desperate determination portrayed in the faces, while the scenes on the base of the pedestal serve further to illustrate the subject of the duel.

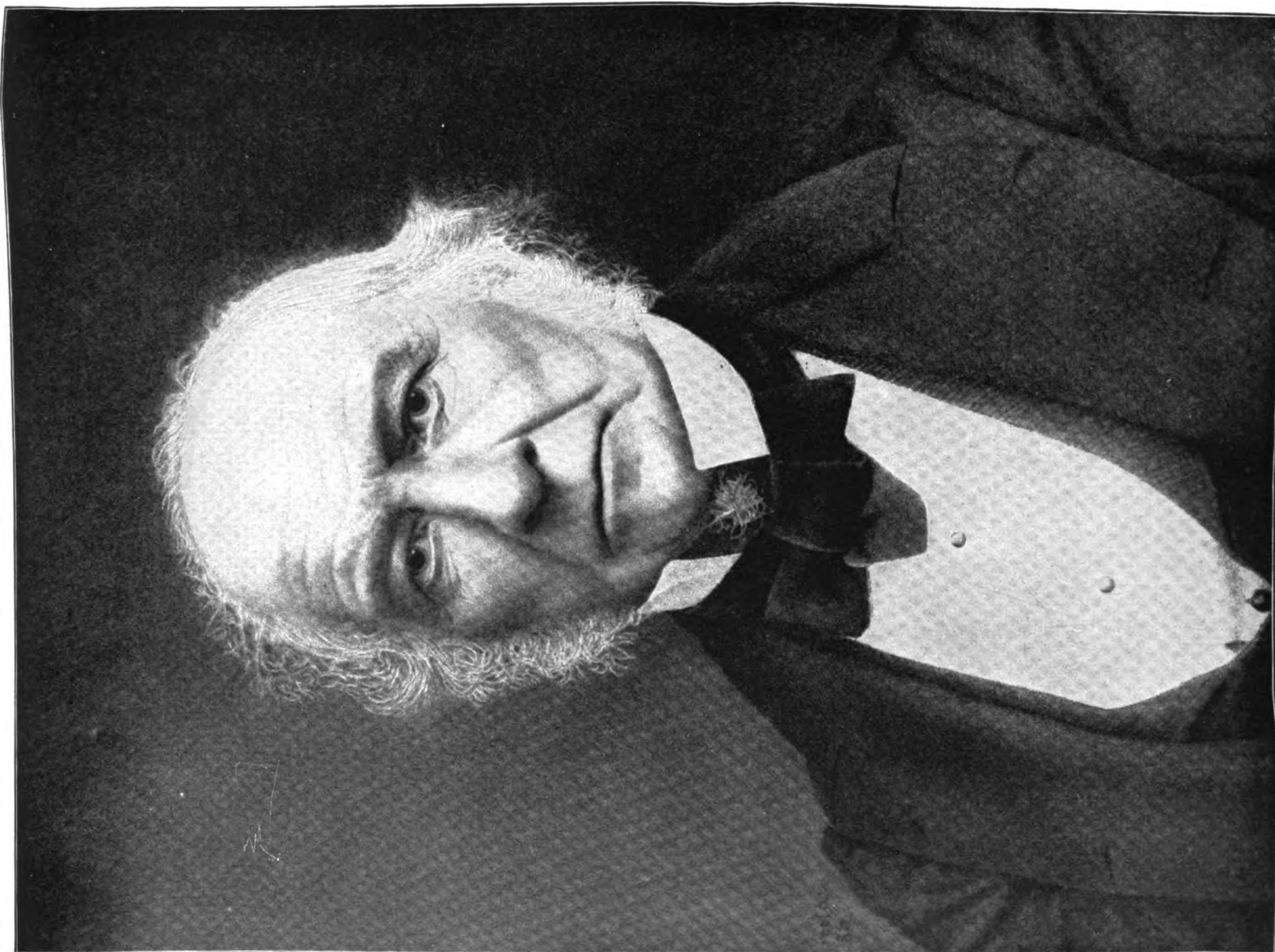




THE "foremost man of all the Roman World" is a central figure in the older history of the race: the foremost citizen of all the modern world has given another commanding character to the annals of civilization. Honors are divided between Gladstone and Bismarck; but as a Christian statesman and philanthropist, a man of massive intellect and almost all-comprehending scholarship, the English-speaking people at least must hold him the first citizen of the time. He is well named and known as the Grand Old Man.

Mr. Gladstone is the son of a knight, Sir John Gladstone, though himself refusing all knighthood and other titular honors. A native of Liverpool, born December 29, 1809, he had a brilliant academic and collegiate career at Eton and Oxford, graduating finally a "double first." At twenty-two he entered the House of Commons; at twenty-four he was junior Lord of the Treasury, and the next year Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; at thirty-one Vice-President, and soon President, of the Board of Trade in the Peel Cabinet; at thirty-five Colonial Secretary; at thirty-seven and for eighteen years thereafter Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford; at forty-two Chancellor of the Exchequer, and again at forty-nine in the second Palmerston administration. At fifty-seven he was easily leader in the House of Commons, and at fifty-nine First Lord of the Treasury and Premier of the English Government; again Premier in 1880, 1885, and 1892, in this particular, as in so many others, having a career unexampled in the history of cabinets.

Amid all his public labors he has been an assiduous student and author, distinguishing himself alike in Greek scholarship, mythology, and Christian literature. His character is unblemished. To adapt the familiar quotation,—“He is a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.”





HISELED out in the side of a mountain rock near Lucerne, Switzerland; and hence the "Lion of Lucerne." The piece is a strong and impressive one, designed by Bertel Thorwaldsen, the most noted among modern sculptors, in memory of the Swiss guards who fell in defense of the Tuileries in Paris, Sept. 10, 1792.

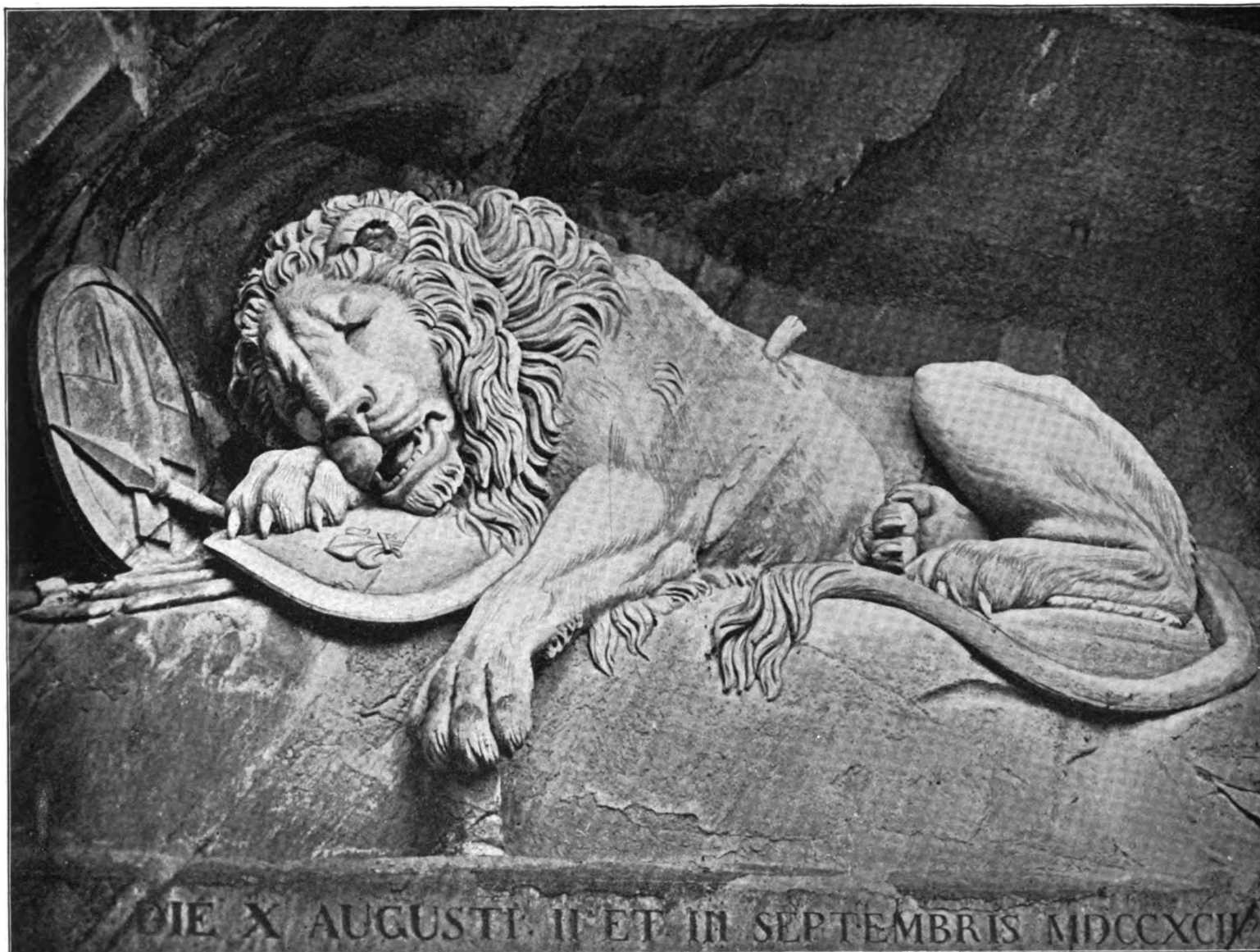
Thorwaldsen was the son of a poor Icelandic wood-carver in Copenhagen, Denmark. At twelve he began to study drawing in the Free Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

He made rapid progress, won several prizes, and finally took the large gold medal which entitled him to a three-years' course in Italy, where he copied diligently the works of the old masters. He carved "Jason with the Golden Fleece," but as no one would buy it, he broke it in pieces. A year later he modeled another, of which Canova, the great Italian sculptor, said, "This young Dane has produced a work in a new and grand style." But it did not occur to any one to buy the marble statue.

Discouraged and almost penniless he was ready to return to Copenhagen, when an English banker entered his studio, was struck with the grandeur of his "Jason," and bought it, giving over twelve hundred dollars. This was the turning point in the sculptor's life.

Thorwaldsen decided to remain in Italy, and soon became acquainted with Baron von Humboldt and other illustrious personages, among them a countess who commissioned him to cut four marble statues,—Bacchus, Ganymede, Apollo, and Venus. Two years later he became professor in the Royal Academy of Florence.

After an absence of twenty-three years he returned to Denmark and was received with great demonstrations. Here he carved one of his grandest works—"Christ and the Twelve Apostles." The two characteristics of greatness—courage in adversity and indifference to flattery—were prominent in this noted sculptor.

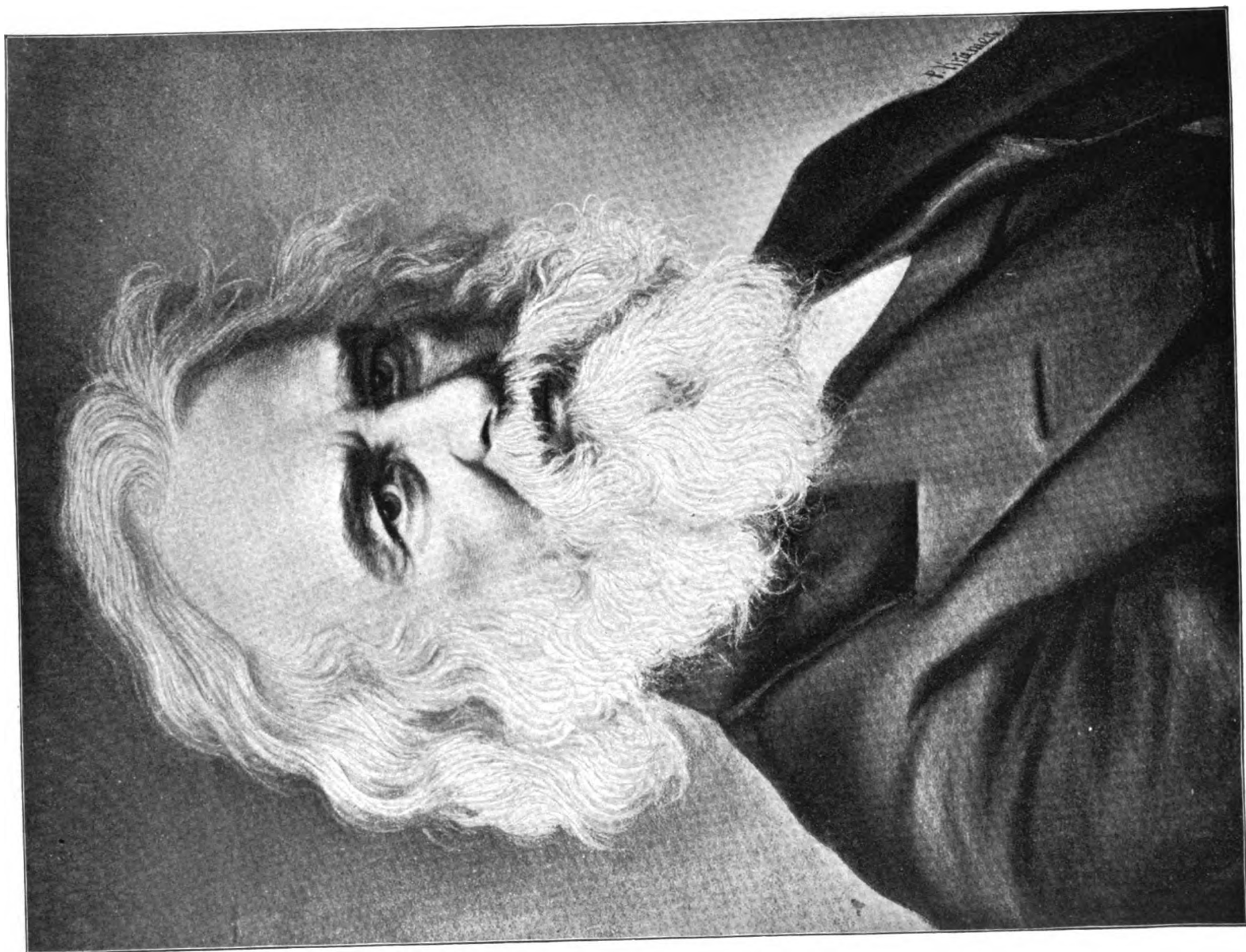




WHY have Longfellow's lines charmed the world? They are not marked by passionate strains; the streams of lurid fire, which flow through the verse of so many rhymsters of renown, seem to have found no water-courses in *Hiawatha* or *Evangeline*. But there is a softness and gentleness of rhythm which touches the heart far quicker than the fierce storms of rancor from other poet's lips.

Longfellow possessed clearness, which is more than can be said of all writers. His language was simple, and none can deny that he was gifted with the magic accent and the witching musical cadence, beautifully illustrated by two lines from *Evangeline*, his most perfect poem: "Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven." Or again in the plaintive and lofty strains of "To-morrow": "Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care, thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait, wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate, and pass the gloomy nights of winter there? O strange delusion! that I did not greet thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost, if my ingratitude's unkindly frost has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet."

Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine; graduated in 1825; became professor of modern languages in the same institution in 1829; married in 1831; accepted the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., in 1836; published "*Hyperion*" in 1839, when also appeared his first volume of poems, "*Voices of the Night*." His works are too numerous and well known for mention here. A classical student, a social companion, a severe self-critic, he was an ideal man, and is the "best-loved singer of the English race." His death occurred in 1882.





FEW are the maidens in the annals of history who have attained to such a dazzling height of sensational renown as Lucretia Borgia, the beautiful heroine of Hermann Kaulbach's vivacious work of art.

In succession to Pope Innocent VIII. A. D. 1492, was chosen Roderic Borgia, whose pontificate was a series of the blackest crimes, of murder, rapine, perfidiousness, lust, and cruelty. Although steeped in crime he was passionately devoted to his children, and bestowed upon his daughter Lucretia the most liberal education the age could afford.

For beauty of face and grace of figure the artist flatters Lucretia none too much. Her complexion was fairer than that of most Italians, and her form as slender and perfect as that of a Grecian nymph. Of slander she has received her share, but as the charges against her were never proven, they must be relegated to the realm of gossip, and gossip is none the more true for having been written in Latin and penned in days of yore on a vellum scroll.

Lucretia is dancing in the Papal palace, and to make her own beauty stand out in bold relief has chosen for a "background" the ugliest old crone of a wizard to whom fair Italy could give birth. This diminutive, misshapen and withered parody on humanity is holding "my lady's flowery train," and at every turn in the dance Lucretia's graceful physique is silhouetted against the deformity of her attendant, thus increasing the fascination of the observers. They are evidently well satisfied, and Alfonso of Este, the great Duke of Ferrara, her future liege lord, is captivated.

Three of Hermann Kaulbach's excellent paintings are represented in this work, in connection with which appears his biographical mention.





MARY STUART, Scotland's lovely queen, has been imprisoned in the castle at Fotheringay, on the charge of treason. The crown of England sits uneasily on the head of Elizabeth, for there is much of truth in the assertion that Mary is the rightful sovereign. Elizabeth declares that only by the death of Mary can she be at peace; and her noblemen second her base design, the while their hearts are with the captive queen.

There is naught of love in Elizabeth's haughty glance as she and Mary meet in the grove at Fotheringay. Mary, casting aside her pride, beseeches for pardon, then for mercy, but seeing how useless is her plea, for Elizabeth laughs insolently at her woe, her indignation bursts forth in the following words: "The worst of me is known, and I can say that I am better than the fame I bear. Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds, with which thy arch hypocrisy has veiled the raging flames of lawless, secret lust. Virtue was not your portion from your mother. If right prevailed, you now would in the dust before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!"

The summons to the block soon followed this brief triumph over Elizabeth, whose fiery rage at these stinging words is so graphically pictured by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the great German historical painter, who studied Art at Dusseldorf under Cornelius and acquired from that master a thorough knowledge of design and drawing, more especially of the human form, as evidenced by a glance at the figures in the accompanying picture. Among his most popular works are, "The Battle of the Huns," in the Berlin Museum; "Apollo and the Muses," in the Odeon at Munich; the wall-painting at Berlin, representing Homer in Griechenland; his drawings for the illustrations of Goethe's "Faust," and the designs for "Reynard the Fox."





NATHANIEL SICHEL
1844—German—



F Sichel's famous pictures perhaps none has attracted more favorable notice than that of "Medea," the imperious enchantress of Colchis. The artist has given us an ideal, one that is in perfect keeping with the historical character chosen. The strong vital temperament with an expression of decision which marks an independence and firmness quite refreshing, and in contrast with "Pandora" and "Sappho" by the same artist, seems to add a peculiar charm to the face of Medea, a face decidedly tragic in bearing. A hint of the cruel seems to hover about the thin nostril and the haughty curve of the lip, and yet there is an attraction about the face, once seen, not to be forgotten.

Medea was the daughter of Ætus king of Colchis, and from her birth was famed for skill in sorcery and enchantment. When Jason the celebrated hero, son of Alcimede, came to Colchis in quest of the golden fleece, Medea aided him in obtaining it, and then fled with him in the Argo to Greece.

Here she displayed her magic skill in the case of Æson, the father of Jason, whom she restored from the decrepitude of old age to the joys and bloom of youth. In order to effect this change, she is said by the poets to have drawn all the blood from his veins, and then to have filled them with an elixir made of the juices of certain plants found growing upon the mountains of Greece, all of which should be implicitly believed.

After residing for some time in Corinth, Medea found herself deserted by Jason, who married the daughter of Creon the king of Corinth. Taking summary vengeance on her rival, and having destroyed her two sons whom she had by Jason, Medea mounted a chariot drawn by four winged serpents and fled to Athens, where she married King Ægeus.





OLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born in the city of Salzburg, Germany, January 27, 1756. At an early age he manifested most wonderful genius, and even in boyhood cared neither to see nor hear anything else but music. Childish games and play did not amuse him unless accompanied by instrumental or vocal exercises. At the age of five he wrote some music in his *Uebungsbuch* or exercise-book, which may still be seen in the Mozarteum in Salzburg. On account of his great acuteness of hearing, he could not, at

that age, bear the sound of a trumpet, and when his father once put his endurance of it to the test, he was taken with violent spasms. When he was six years old and his sister Maria Anna was ten, their father began to travel with them, to show as he said, these "wonders of God" to the world.

Mozart and Beethoven are undisputed representatives of classical music, which was born in the eighteenth century, while Liszt and Wagner are supreme for nineteenth century realism. In Mendelssohn, prince of idealists, the two centuries "clasp hands in friendly compromise." Mozart possessed the most harmonious musical temperament that has ever blessed the world with soul-outpourings of joy and sorrow; nevertheless we must conclude that his symphonies would be less meritorious had he not been fortunate in having so able a forerunner as Haydn, whose symphonies numbered over one hundred, thus laying the foundation on which Mozart's E flat, G minor, and great "Jupiter" (C) symphonies were reared in beauty almost divine. The "Idomeneo" (1780), the "Magic Flute," and the "Requiem" which he left unfinished, are monuments to his genius more enduring than marble. It seems incredible that so great a musician was actually buried in a pauper's grave, whither he was borne in the bleak December of 1791, unaccompanied by a single friend.

Carl Jager, artist of the portraits of Mozart and Beethoven which appear in this collection, received his Art-training under Reindel and at Munich Academy, and is Professor of Nuremberg Art-school.





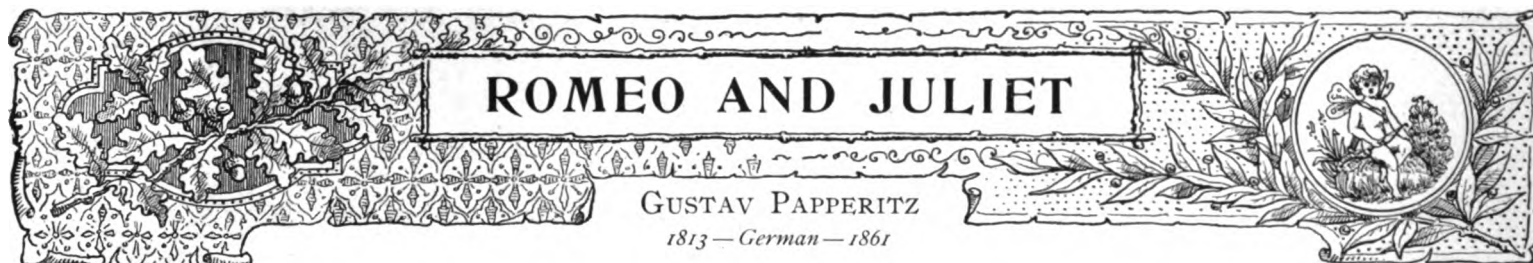
TAKE heed how you awake our sleeping sword of war; we charge you, in the name of God, take heed; for never two such kingdoms did contend without much fall of blood."

Waterloo was the great battle which brought to a close the twenty-three years' war of the first French Revolution, and which quelled the greed of glory that had disturbed and desolated the world in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, the man whose ambitious career left stains of blood from Cadiz to Moscow, and from Naples to Copenhagen. Within twelve months after his imprisonment on the Isle of Elba, in 1814, he secretly embarked with about 1200 men, and landing in Provence, soon regained the crown of France. With the flower of his old guards now once more around him, and with reliable recruits from all the fields of France, Napoleon prepared more determinedly than ever to bring all Europe under his scepter. But England and Prussia barred his way; so on the fields of Belgium he determined to give them battle. He defeated Blucher and his Germans; then at Waterloo met the "Iron Duke."

The fate of Europe and of the world was hanging upon the result of that dread day. Napoleon knew it, and assumed the aggressive, with 72,000 men. Wellington acted on the defensive, and, although his troops numbered only 68,000, through all that fearful fight he held his well-chosen position. At evening the "old guard" of Napoleon charged up the hill, and then came that much-quoted order from Wellington, "Up, guards, and at them!" Then rose the British Life Guards to the fray; the "immortelles" of Napoleon were thrown into confusion; the day was won and Europe saved.

Pupil at St. Petersburg and Paris, Steuben became a reputable historical and portrait painter, among his best works being "Peter the Great in a Storm on Lake Lodoga," "Mercury Putting Argus to Sleep," "Escape of William Tell," and the two pieces shown in this collection.





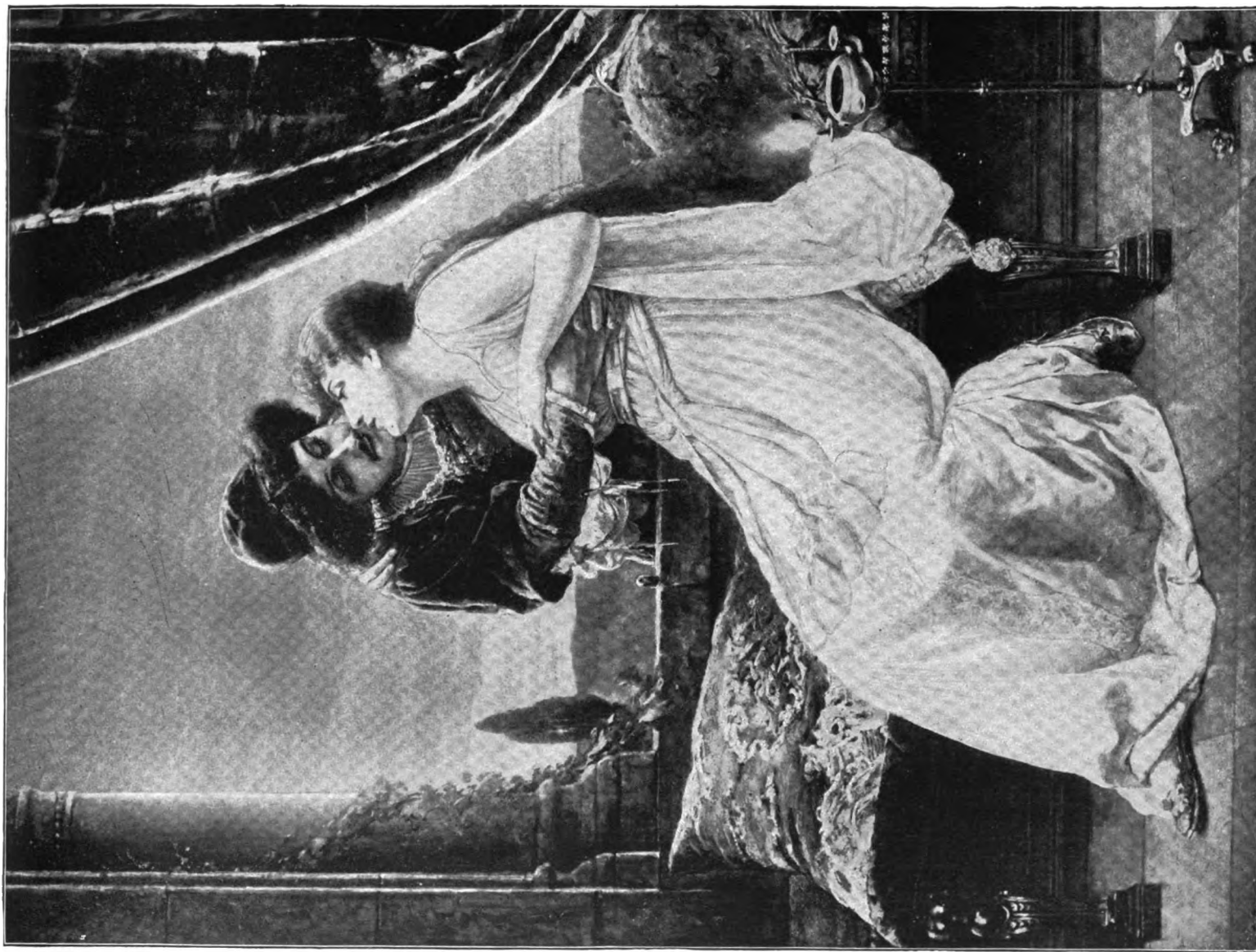
HOW silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, like softest music to attending ears!"
"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun." Ah! Romeo, how darest thou climb the ladder to sip nectar from those lips of dew? Fearest thou not the anger of the Capulets, or dost thou believe that true love "is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken"?

And thou, fair Juliet, "beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear," seated 'neath velvet drapery and arrayed in fleecy white, thy soft tresses falling gently like a magic veil about thee, dost thou courageously defy thy father's wrath, thy mother's threatening frown? Ah! truly thou stealest "love's sweet bait from fearful hooks," while cherishing the thought that "every tongue that speaks but Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence."

Ah! well 'tis said, "The course of true love never did run smooth. But either it was different in blood or else misgraffed in respect of years, or else it stood upon the choice of friends." But "love is love-liest when embalmed in tears." All "mitigated woes are sweetly shared, and doubled Joy reluctantly departs. Let but the sympathizing heart be spared, what sorrow seems not light; what peril is not dared?"

O happy, happy pair on misery's verge! Could we induce Phœbus to lock his chariot wheel and let linger the sombre shades which softly wrap the landscape, thou might'st prolong thy joy, letting the affections cling as the ivy about the window casement. But, lo, he comes! And ere he gilds in gold the mountain tops, kisses from each honeyed flower the dew, and bids receding shadows to disperse, thou too must part. "Good night."

Gustav Friedrich Papperitz was a landscape and genre painter, pupil at Dusseldorf and Munich, and also studied in Italy and Spain. Among his best pieces are "View near the Lambegast on the Elbe," "Ruin of Petersberg near Halle," "The Day of Sedan," "Annunciation," and "Sicilian Scene."





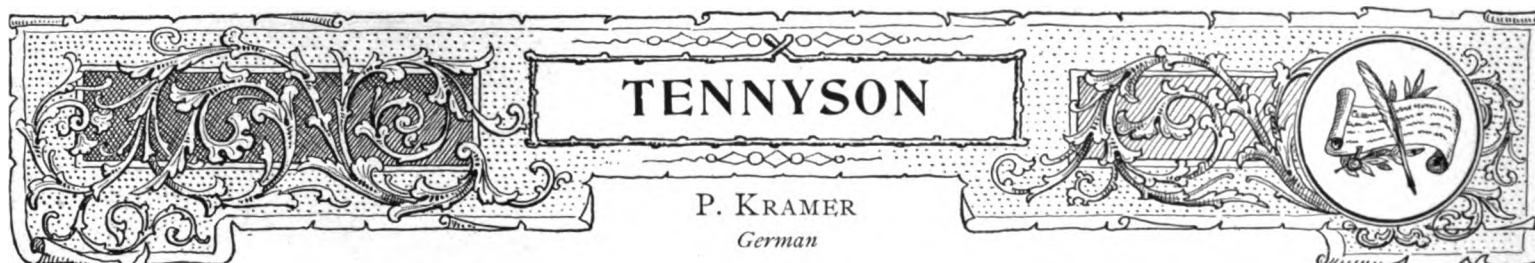
THE German school of painters is characterized by its splendor of color, magical chiaroscuro, and delicacy of design; by a grandeur of composition and natural expression. These characteristics are all found to a great extent in the productions of Nathaniel Sichel, whose pictures are now so highly esteemed in the world of Art. His great fertility of imagination and composition are not, however, his strongest points, his chief excellence lying in his profound knowledge of color and the marvelous portrayal of draperies.

Sappho is a well-chosen subject, and the type of face indicates that the artist shares with the German scholar Welcker the honor of vindicating the name of Sappho from the odium placed upon it by those familiar lines of Byron—"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! where burning Sappho loved and sung"—which hint at what until lately was the universal impression respecting the personality of Sappho.

It is gratifying to learn that common report was wrong and that she whom Plato called the Tenth Muse was a pure and noble woman as well as a great poet. While only one complete poem has come down to us, there are various fragments which like antique jewels have withstood the wear of centuries, nor lost their brilliancy of luster. Although written more than five hundred years before the Christian era they still contain utterances more sublime than laid claim to by most of our modern poets.

One of these fragments Byron has caught up and repeated in rich, sympathetic verse of his own: "O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—home to the weary, to the hungry cheer; to the young bird the parent's brooding wings; the welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer; whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings, whate'er our household gods protect as dear, are gathered round us by thy look of rest; thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast."





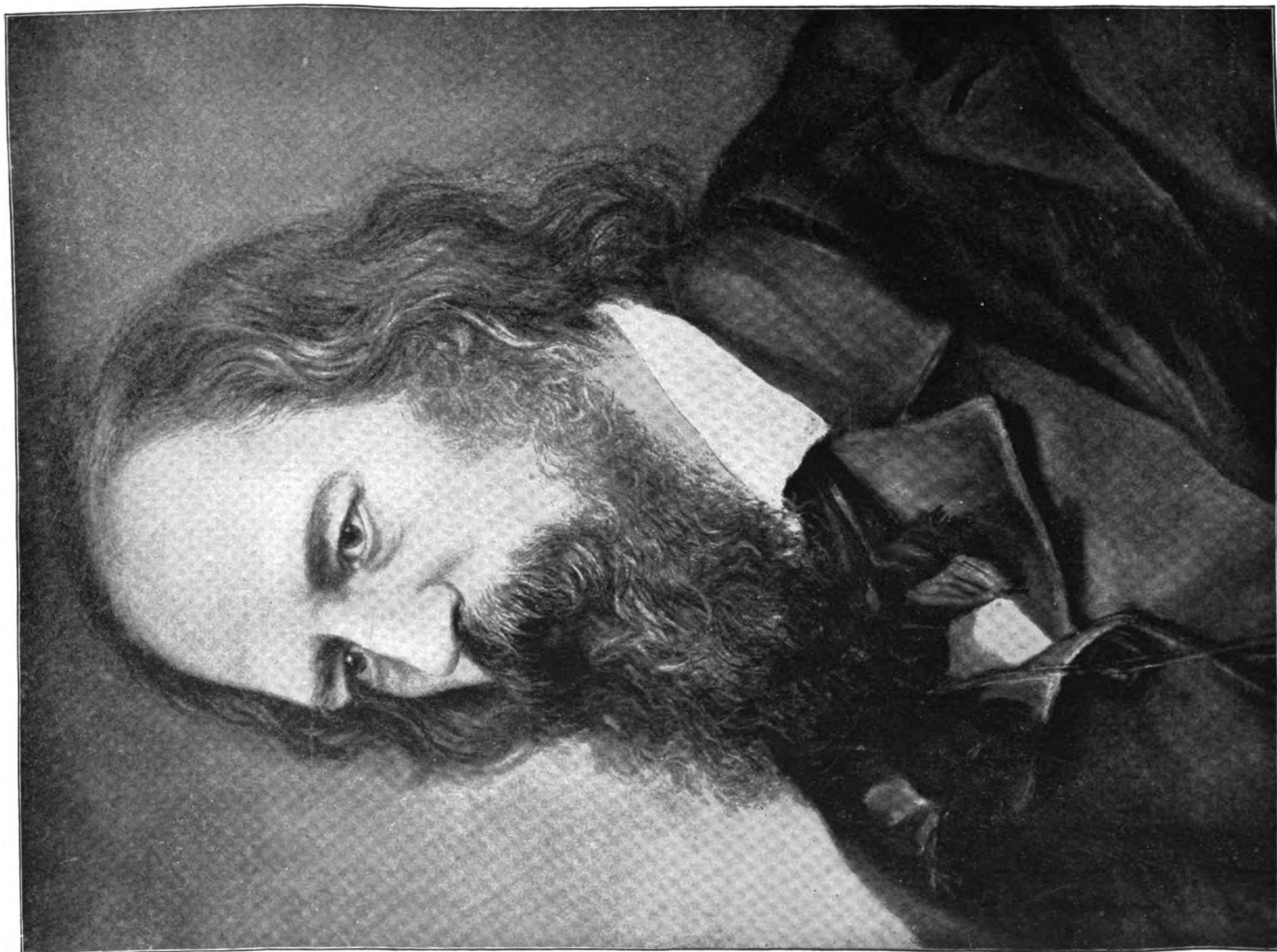
NOT for the howling dervishes of song, who craze the brain with their delirious dance, art thou, O sweet historian of the heart! Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong, to thee our love and our allegiance, for thy allegiance to the poet's art."

Thus sings Longfellow, of Alfred Tennyson, the greatest English poet of our times, born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, 1809. One of a numerous and gifted family, he was third of twelve children, several of whom were poets. At the age of twenty he entered Trinity College at Cambridge, where in 1829 he gained the Chancellor's medal for a prize poem, and the next year, while still an under-graduate, he published his first volume of poems under the title of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate.

The "bard of tenderness" was modest and unassuming in character, and shrank from publicity. From the first he showed himself to be an artist by birth, a master of charm, a lover of form and color, a builder of imaginary castles, and an ethical teacher of deep insight. Like Wordsworth, he cultivated calm reverie in the seclusion of rural haunts, and led a life of exclusive devotion to Art, that was noble and tenderly moral, without eccentricity. Much personal purity and thoughtfulness, delicacy of feeling, constancy of faith, and ideality of conception are revealed in the works of his life.

Lord Tennyson died at his home in Surry, October 6, 1892, at the age of eighty-three. His death is said to have been one of the most peaceful ever witnessed. A wreath of laurel leaves was Queen Victoria's sympathetic tribute to the memory of this truly great representative of both mental and physical manhood. His remains were deposited in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

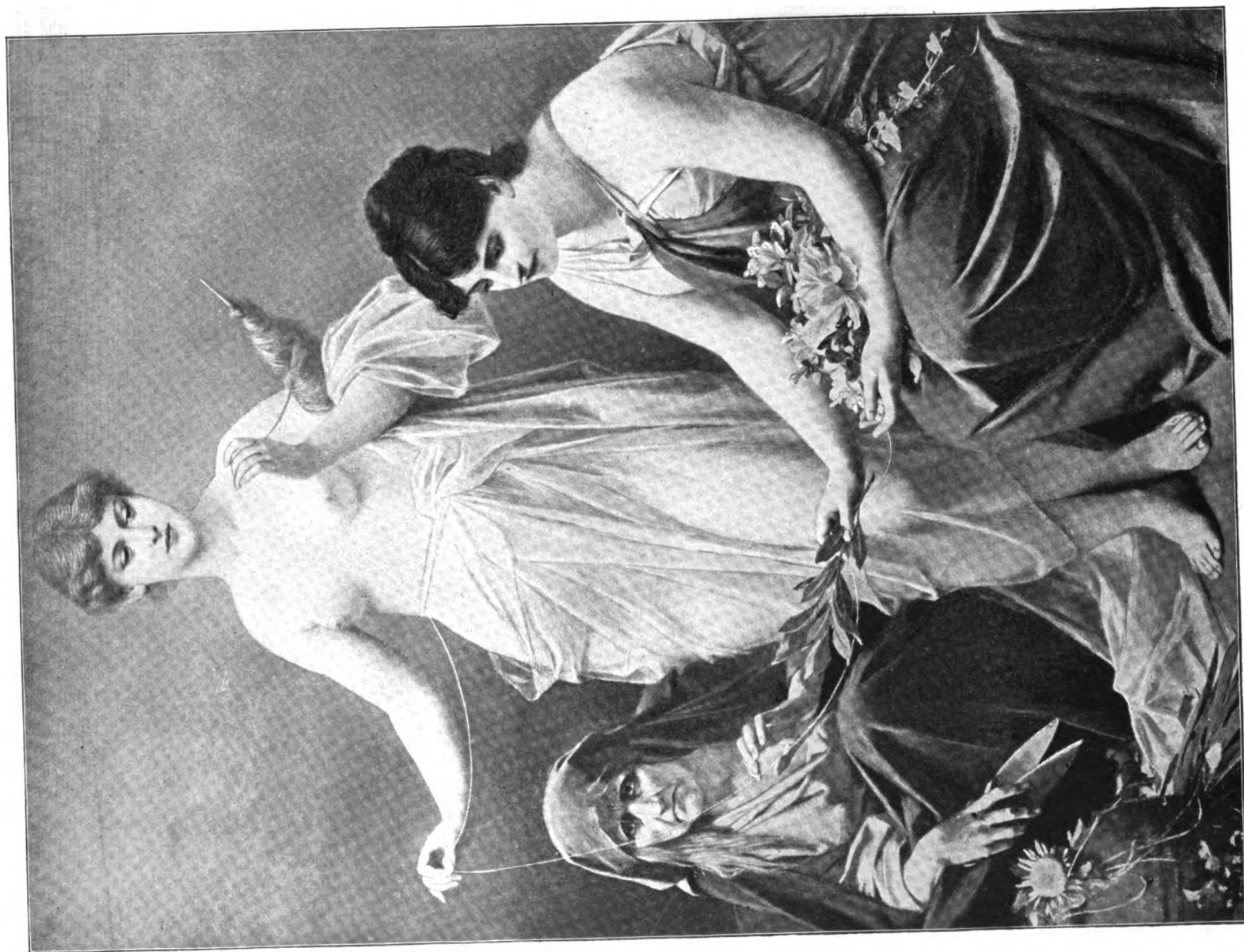
"Death makes no conquest of its conqueror: he lives in fame though not in life."

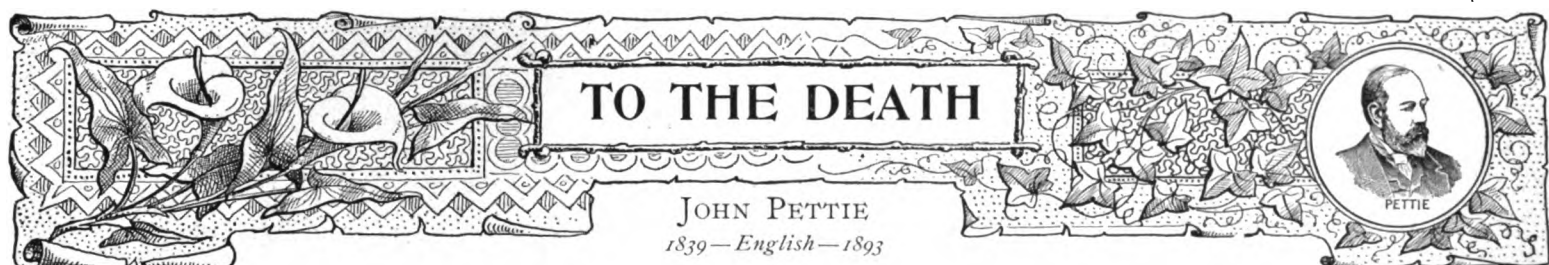




FATE, the spoken word of Divinity, was the atmosphere, the underlying and overshadowing element and impulse of Greek and Roman religion. The one Fate of the ancient Greek became in the Roman mythology the *Parcæ*, the Three Fates or Fatal Sisters, as typifying the Past, the Present, and the Future, dwelling in the soundless abyss of Demogorgon, "with unwearied fingers drawing out the threads of Life." Clotho held the distaff; Lachesis drew the thread; Atropos handled sometimes a pair of scales, sometimes a knife or shears. As old Spenser has it, "Sad Clotho held the rock, the whiles the thread by grisly Lachesis was spun with pain, that cruel Atropos eftsoon undid, with cursed knife cutting the twine in twain."

In one of the few canvases which the general consensus of the Art world allots to Michael Angelo in defiance of his expressed contempt of easel-painting, is another treatment of "The Fates." In it he has followed the most ancient known methods of representing the Wierd Sisters as adult or aging matrons; and Clotho, who bears the spindle somewhat in rear of the others and is either uttering a horrid shout or mocking laugh (critics can not yet determine which), is a hideous hag. On the contrary our artist, in the most celebrated modern treatment of the theme, presents but one of the three as a woman in advancing age. The others are of somewhat variant years, and may typify to equal admiration the old notion of the Past, the Present, and the Future, or Maidenhood, Maternity, and Age. In the original the figures are life-sized; and if in even the small copy we present they are so impressive, one may imagine their grandeur and beauty in Thumann's great canvas. Upon its production it was received with great enthusiasm wherever exhibited in the cities of Germany. The youngest and most attractive figure, "Clotho," is often selected for a detail in engraving, and has a chaste and subtle charm of its own, born of the exquisite beauty of innocent maidenhood.





A DUEL *a l'outrance*—to the death! Vague horror, akin to nightmare, creeps over the sensitive soul that looks long at this. Yet in more barbarous ages men have engaged in it gaily and eagerly as in any form of pleasurable amusement. During the reign of Henry III. of France there was an epidemic of duels, and again in the time of Louis XIII. “When friends met the first question was, ‘Who fought yesterday? Who is to fight to-day?’ They fought by night and day, by moonlight and by torchlight, in the public streets and squares. A hasty word, a misconceived gesture, a question about the color of a riband or an embroidered letter,—such were the commonest pretexts for a duel. Often, like gladiators or prize-fighters, they fought for the pure love of fighting.” Those were “the classic days, the mothers of romance that roused a nation for a woman’s glance.”

In our graphic picture—painted in 1877—is a desperate combat with sword and dirk. If swords break, they will close in deadlier conflict with the shorter weapon. The small sword or rapier itself is a slight arm, compared with the great two-handed brand with which an ancient Earl of Angus cleft in two the thigh of his antagonist. But in the duel of the picture one or the other combatant, or perhaps both of them, will certainly be done to death. The customary seconds seem to be absent, and the fierceness of the assault-at-arms indicates that, all alone in the wood’s deep shadows, the battle will continue to a fatal end. The action is exceedingly spirited, the hate being mutually intense, and all the accessories are excellently portrayed. No “duel” painting extant equals “To the Death” in shudder-producing vividness. The artist of this picture, John Pettie, whose death occurred in 1893, was of Scotch nativity, but resided in London after 1862. In 1873 he succeeded to the place vacated by Sir Edwin Landseer as Royal Academician. His realistic pictures of old English life are much admired, and many others of them have been engraved. “To the Death” is on exhibition in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.





MOST impressive is this picture, the work of the oldest of three remarkable brothers, whose names are among the foremost in Scottish art. One of these, mentioned elsewhere, is Thomas Faed, most noted of them all, who became a Royal Academician, and another is James Faed, the engraver and occasional painter. Among the best-known pieces of John Faed are "Shakspeare and his Contemporaries," "Cotter's Saturday Night," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Job and his Friends," and "Ruth and Boaz."

In the accompanying illustration Mr. Faed has successfully treated an American historical theme, far away from him in time and place. The great Washington, Pater Patriæ, bestrides a noble charger worthy of his own splendid proportions; and in the partial darkness of the Christmas night he directs the movements which issue in the renowned victory at the old State capital. It was an achievement, truly, with less than two and a half thousand men to break into the strongly posted ranks of the enemy and bear away nearly half as many prisoners as he had soldiers in the attack. Well said Frederick the Great of this short campaign, that the exploits of Washington and his small but heroic following were not surpassed in brilliancy by any recorded in military annals.

"And when his sword had saved his land from bondage and oppression's chain, Columbia sought as firm a hand to guide her sons in peace again; a million voices spake as one, and gave the rule to Washington. He shamed the tyrants who oppress; his land became the patriot's home; and grateful nations came to bless, and untold millions yet shall come. Fame on her dome keeps writing on, high o'er the rest, GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"Calmly his face shall look down the ages, sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning; charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages, quick with the light of the life-giving morning. A majesty to try for, a name to live and die for,—the name of Washington."



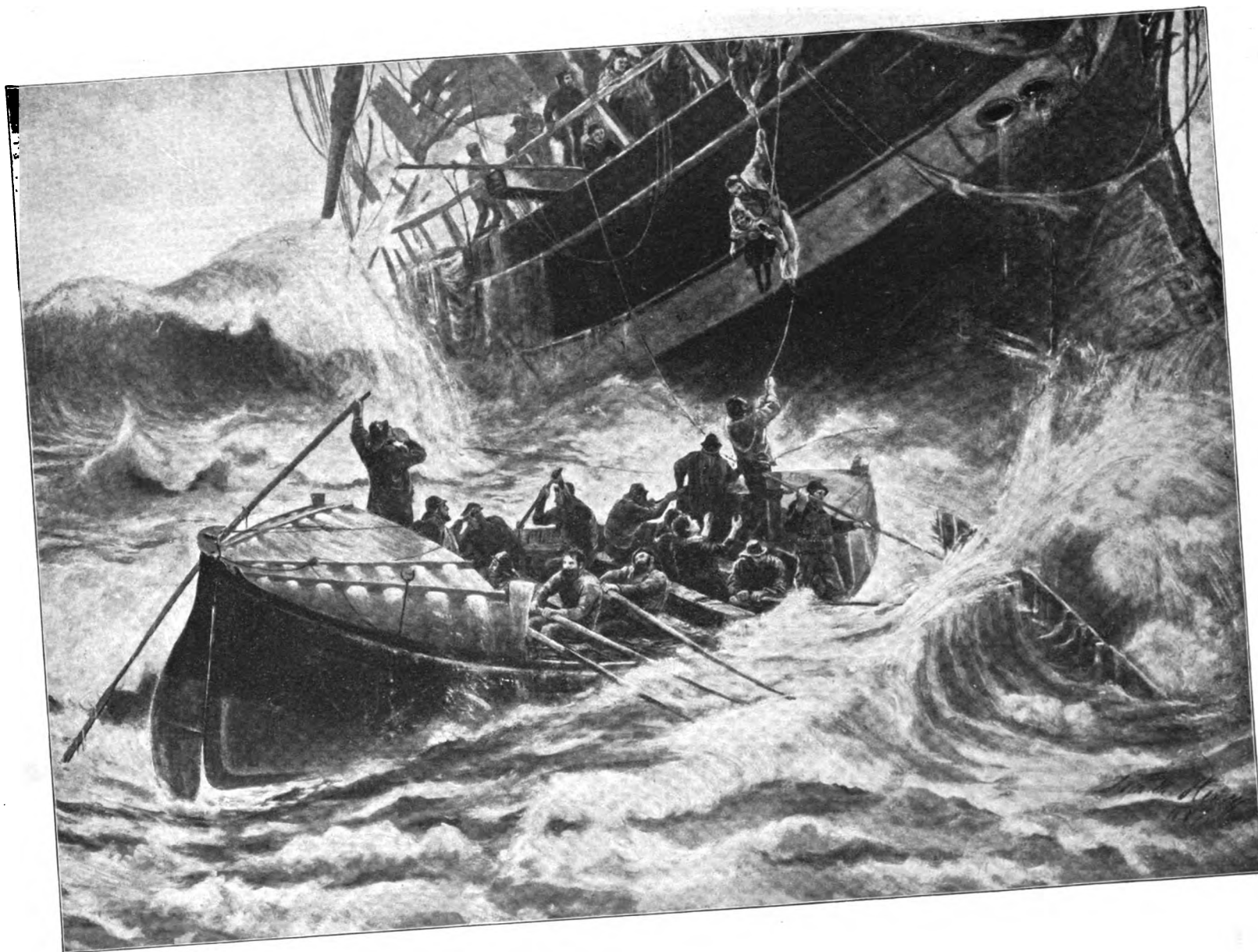


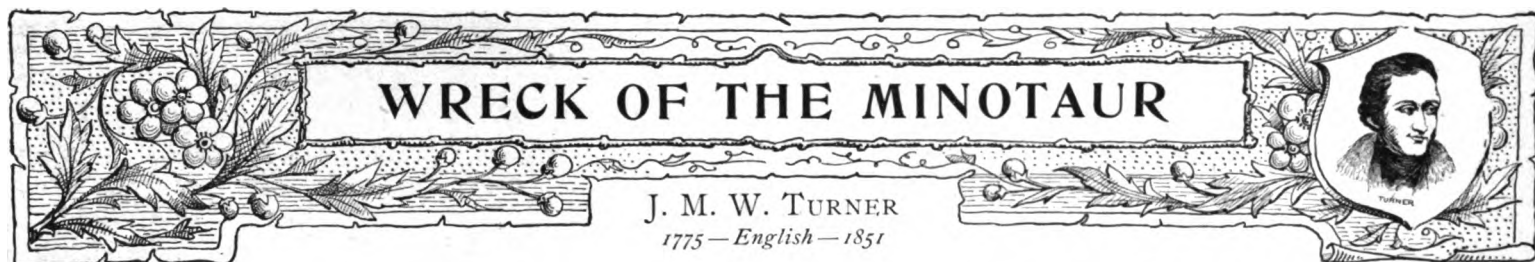
THE life-saving service of the sea-coast is perfect as skill and daring can make it, stations being erected at such distances from each other in dangerous localities as to enable the life-boat crew to patrol the entire coast.

At the first signal of distress the boat is made ready for the perilous trip, and eager eyes pierce the darkness through the blinding spray, to catch the outlines of the ship's hull struggling through the long line of breakers rolling mountain high and spending their fury in a sheet of foam. The ship, burning red lights and firing minute guns, is driven before the gale, her masts gone, a helpless victim to the fury of the storm, while the crew and passengers cling to the rigging, appealing for help.

A cry of despair as the ship strikes the sand is the signal to man the life-boat and follow close the receding wave. Springing to their oars they meet the incoming roller which threatens to dash them back upon the beach, but after a short struggle nerve and muscle have won, and the boat has passed beyond the first line of breakers. Huge waves dashing over the after part of the ship force the passengers forward where they wait with bated breath the approaching rescuers.

The artist in this painting (of 1887) has seized the supreme moment when the life-boat tosses under the bows of the stranded ship, breakers on one side and a sunken boat on the other. The sailor clinging to a rope, with a child in his arms, tells a story of real life and its dangers upon the sea, often realized but never described better than in this thrilling picture. "But, O, what rapture fills each breast of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed! Then, landed safe, what joy to tell of all the dangers that befell! Then is heard no more, by the watch on shore, the minute-gun at sea."





FAMOUS as a painter in oil, and father of the modern school of water-color, was Joseph Mallord William Turner. Although a master of mist and vapor "lit by the golden light of morn or crimsoned with the tints of evening, spread out to veil the distance or rolled in clouds and storms," strange to record he lived in dirt and squalor, and dressed in a style between that of a sea-captain and a coachman. Probably no painter ever lived a life so contradictory to his own life work; undoubtedly due to his too common-place early associations. But as the imagination of Lord Byron pictured the highest types of Grecian beauty while walking in Albermarle Street, so the influences connected with his father's barber-shop in Covent Garden did not prevent Turner from painting "storm-swept landscapes and innumerable splendors of Nature." Ruskin says of Turner, "He has gone beyond all other painters in the expression of the infinite redundancy of natural landscape." And he might have included marine scenes as well, of which the one here shown—painted for the Earl of Yarborough, and now in the British Institution—is a forcible example, representing the great British ship wrecked off the Dutch coast nearly a century ago, when over three hundred lives were lost.

In 1799 Turner was made Associate of the Royal Academy; in 1802 he became a full member; and five years later was appointed Professor of Perspective in that institution. His lectures, however, in contrast to the finished style of Sir Joshua Reynolds, were vague and strange—wholly unlike his beautiful paintings, of which the National Gallery contains about one hundred and fifty. Though wealthy, he died in obscurity; but generously bequeathed his property to found a charity for artists. The will was contested; his pictures and drawings were presented to the National Gallery; £1,000 were spent in erecting a monument to his memory, at St. Paul's; and £20,000 went to the Royal Academy. One of his pictures sold recently for \$37,275, and his "Rhine Series," for \$25,000—ten times the price which the artist received.



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